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BROWN JEANNETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

He does not love you, brown Jeannette,
So you may fold your little hands,
And let your braided raven hair
Slip careless from its silken bands;
If it was looped with milk-white pearls,
Or starred with diamonds o'er and o'er,
He would not dream of her the less,
Or give to you one thought the more.

You may lay by your boddice blue,
That's fastened with a silken string,
Your dainty belt of 'broidered cloth,
And every little girlish thing
He loved so well to see you wear;
For being now forever gone
To the cold smile of northern skies,
'Twill break your heart to put them on.

You know the time when you have stood
Before the mirror, as the sun
Low sinking in the distant West,
Gave notice that the day was done,
And braiding up your shining hair,
You saw the blush that like a flame
Would steal up through your pretty cheek,
At the low mention of his name.

Because she has a brow like snow,
And lips red as the summer rose,
And golden hair, and on her cheeks
The pink of seashells comes and goes,
He'll think no longer of the charm
Of your dark face, he will forget
The wond'rous spell he loved so well
Within your glowing eyes, Jeannette!

Oh, brown Jeannette! keep down the thoughts
That make your pulses wildly leap!
And let forever on your lips
Such bitter words in silence sleep!
'Tis not for you to wish her wrong,
She is a woman—let it go,
And pray that she may never feel
A pain like this which wounds you so!

Go out to where the dreary night
Is battling in the woods alone,
Where nothing but the murky moon
And sobbing wind shall hear your moan.
Bow down your little queenly head,
Let weep, unbending storm or rain,
For never from the northern land
Will your proud lover come again!

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

When Ellis Clayton reached Turkey Point, he found the army debarked and camped about a mile back in the country, with the exception of three brigades of Hessians under Knyphausen, which were posted near the landing.

The ships lay off the mouth of the river with boats passing to and fro between them and the shore, busily engaged in landing what remained of the army stores and equipage.

Approaching an officer, who was standing near the landing, superintending the work that was going on, he said to him,

"Friend, does thee think there would be any objection to my going within the camp? It is a new and strange sight to me, and I feel a curiosity to see it more closely."

The officer stared hard at the meek-looking individual who addressed him so blandly, but at last answered,

"Well, I don't know that there would, Friend George Fox; but what interest can a man of your cloth take in such worldly matters as soldiers and camps; however, go in, but don't talk to any of the men on duty."

So Clayton quietly walked in—I forgot to mention that he had left his horse at a house about half-a mile from the landing—and sauntered quietly and with apparent listlessness through the camp, but with his eyes about him noting everything; the bad condition of the horses; the artillery, which had not yet been removed, carefully fixing in his mind the number and weight of the guns and the supply of ammunition, as well as he could judge of the latter, but finding his attempts to gain information from the soldiers he met, a little impeded in consequence of not understanding a word of German, and of those he spoke to not understanding a word of English except the one word "reb'l."

"The only answers he received, "Nein"—"Ya, meinherr"—and "Wier no sprechen reb'l"—being unsatisfactory in their nature, he gave it up and contented himself with making the circuit of the camp, marking two or three places on the outskirts where he thought a night attack might be advantageously made, and finally reached the point he had started from, where he found the officer still on duty.

"Well, friend George," said the latter, "what does thee think of the appearance of things? This is only a detachment of the army, but it's a fair specimen; do you think we would have any chance, if Mr. Washington should catch us?"

"That would depend upon how many troops thee had, and especially how many cannons like those I saw over yonder; if the rest of the army has as many in proportion, my impression is, that they might be able to persuade him not to molest thee."

"Oh, that's all the artillery," said the officer, "but, besides, we have about seventeen thousand men; did you happen to have heard how many Mr. Washington has?"

"No," said Clayton, who, as it happened, had never heard the number mentioned, though he could have made a shrewd guess; "I have not heard, but, I should suppose, nearly as many as what thee mentioned."

"Do you think so?" said the officer, "then there'll be so much the more credit in routing them when we meet; but there's the gun," he added, as the heavy report of the evening gun boomed through the camp and rolled over the still water of the bay; "you must get outside the lines."

"Well, farewell, friend," said Clayton, "I am obliged for the privilege thee has given me, and hope to be able to repay thee some day."

So saying he walked away, while the officer looked after him suspiciously, his attention having been attracted by a slight change in the tone of the last words; "I've half a mind to stop that fellow," he muttered to himself; but Clayton was walking quietly along, so calmly and with so little appearance of suspecting that he was suspected, that the officer, whose attention was also called to something else at the moment, relinquished his half formed purpose, and soon forgot, for the time, all about the circumstance.

Clayton went back to where he had left his horse, and mounting, betook himself with all speed to the point occupied by the small force of Americans which was in the neighborhood. These had been sent down more for the purpose of assisting in the removal of the stores, and protecting those who were employed in this way, than with any idea of their fighting.

The next morning, about daybreak, he was aroused by a great bustle in the camp, accompanied by a cheer or two, which, however, were promptly and sternly silenced by the officer in command.

"What's the matter?" he inquired of a soldier who was hurrying past him to the commander's quarters.

"Don't know exactly," said the soldier, "some prisoners brought in, I b'lieve."

Clayton hurried forward with the rest, and there, sure enough, in front of the commander's tent, were Barton and Bettle with their sixty men, surrounding, as well as they could, their one hundred and fifty prisoners.

Barton glanced at him as he came near, but a slight knitting of Clayton's brows for an instant, warned him against any public recognition of him. The men glanced from one to the other and understood the hint at once, and gave no sign of recognition whatever, but sat still on their horses.

A few words from Barton to the commander sufficed to explain matters, the prisoners were placed under guard, with the exception of their officer, who was released upon his parole not to leave the camp, and the troop was dismissed.

"So thee's been at work," said Clayton, after the crowd had scattered, so that no one was within hearing; "where did thee pick up this party?"

"About ten miles back in the woods," said Barton, who then gave him a detailed account of the occurrence, though much more concisely than I have done.

"It was well done," said Clayton, "and I am the more pleased that thee managed it without shedding blood. Has thee seen Wetherill and Wheeler?"

"No," said Barton, "I presume they're not far off, but there's been no sign of them as yet."

"After thee and the men have had breakfast and taken some sleep, I want thee to send Bettle and a dozen men to look for them. I shall want them, perhaps, to-night; I want thee, also, to send a trusty messenger to Chester to General Washington. Tell him that the enemy have landed in good condition with the exception of the horses, which are down in flesh in consequence of their long voyage; they have a full train of field pieces, with plenty of ammunition; they are preparing to march up into the country, and will probably pass through Wilmington; the people, generally, are discouraged, and inclined to accept the protection which Howe has proclaimed. That is about all except what relates to thy own affair last night."

WHAT FRANK SAW THROUGH THE LITTLE WINDOW.

About sunset, the remaining forty rangers, under Wetherill and Wheeler, came in, bringing with them a few stragglers, whom they had cut off from the main body of the enemy, around which they had been hovering all day; and in half an hour afterwards came Bettle with his party to report that they had not been able to find them; they had been reconnoitering one side of the army, while Wetherill and Wheeler were hovering about the other.

Wetherill informed Clayton that one of his men had been in the camp disguised as a laborer, and had gathered from the talk of the soldiers, that they expected to march the next morning.

"To-morrow morning," said Clayton, "are the horses fresh enough for service to-night?"

"Oh! yes," said Wetherill, "they've had no hard work to-day."

"The moon will go down about nine o'clock," said Clayton, "and it is getting cloudy; it will be a dark night, and I believe I'll give them some exercise."

"What are we to do?" inquired Wetherill.

"Call the other lieutenants," said Clayton.

Barton, Wheeler, and Bettle made their appearance, and Clayton unfolded his plan briefly.

"I'm going to try if we can't reach Knyphausen's tent and carry him off to-night. Each of you take his squad and meet me in the woods on the hill beyond the camp at one o'clock in the morning. Go separately. You will have to depend upon signals to find the meeting place after you get into the woods."

Clayton had explained the character of his troop to the officer in command, and had shown him an order from Washington, instructing him to allow them to come and go at discretion, so that, at the appointed time, being furnished with the pass-word, they found no difficulty in passing out, though the sentinel on duty where Bettle's division passed, stared hard at them, and muttered to himself,

"I wonder what devilment the fightin' Quakers are up to now."

"We're going to a 'meeting for discipline,'" said Wheeler, who overheard him.

After some little time, having walked their horses slowly, to avoid noise, the four divisions reached the wood at different points, and after entering fairly among the trees, halted in silence, waiting for signals.

Barton, with his forty men, had entered on the side farthest from the camp; he had been there but a few moments, when the well-known owl-hoot quavered from a point near the centre of the wood.

"There's the Captain," said he, as he answered it with a whistle, "and there's Wetherill," as the cry of a whip-poor-will sounded from the left; "forward, boys, quietly."

In a few minutes, guided by the first signal, which was repeated at short intervals, the whole party were assembled around Clayton.

In his calm, impassive way, he gave them their orders in a few brief words, and the troop emerged from the wood, which was about two miles from the Hessian camp.

The sky was by this time covered with heavy clouds, the thunder had begun to mutter in the distance, and there was every appearance of a storm.

As soon as the troop emerged from the wood they separated, and descended the hill in small parties, silently and cautiously, the tramp of the horses being but slightly audible on the soft sward, as they proceeded at a slow walk. The wind also was rising and blowing directly from the encampment, decreasing materially the danger of being heard. A ravine lay across their course, at some distance from the camp, with a space of about a hundred yards of open meadow ground between its brink and the nearest sentinel. It was fringed with trees on both sides, while at the bottom ran a tumbling brook, which at one point, pitched over some obstructing rocks in a series of irregular cascades, falling, altogether, some seven or eight feet; this, of itself, made sufficient roaring to drown the noise of horse hoofs proceeding so cautiously.

The scattered troop assembled again in the ravine, and crossed the stream just above the cascade, where the water was foaming and splashing over the rocky bottom; the sure-footed horses feeling their way among the slippery stones, with the reins loose upon their necks, until they had all reached the other side, and formed on the slope of the nearer bank, just below the meadow level, and screened by the trees which grew upon the brink. In another minute, three of the men had dismounted, divested themselves of all their arms except a long knife and a light cord of twisted raw hide, such as had been used upon the unlucky sentry at the spring, when he disappeared so suddenly in the bushes, crawled over the edge of the bank, and were worming their way, flat upon the ground, through the long grass, towards as many different sentinels. The sky had grown blacker than ever, and the darkness was intense; it was utterly impossible for the sentries to distinguish any object not above the level of the ground, ten feet off, while the three scouts could distinguish, dimly, though surely enough for their purpose, the forms of the sentries against the sky, which, black as it was, was lighter than the ground, as they paced up and down their respective beats.—That of the nearest was terminated by a large chestnut tree, at which Frank, who was one of the scouts, had observed him turn and retrace his steps. That of the second was terminated by a bend of the ravine, which swept, in that direction, half round the camp. That of the third, and most remote, terminated at an orchard surrounded by a worm fence.

The three men worming their way stealthily along towards the various points I have mentioned, as the sentinels paced drowsily to and fro, until they had all reached their destinations, Frank lying flat in the, if possible, deeper darkness, under the tree, while his companions were crouched, one behind the bank of the ravine, the other in an angle of the fence, beneath the overhanging branches of a large old apple tree.

As the sentinel whose beat extended to this place, reached it, he turned, marched a step or two back, and then stopping, lowered his musket to the ground, and stood with the bayonet leaning against his shoulder, while he emptied and refilled his exhausted pipe. As he did so, a dark form rose silently and swiftly behind him; there was a quick whirl of its arm, a slight "whish," and the raw hide cord, armed with a leaden ball at the end, swept against the gaiters of the unlucky Hessian, coiling around his ankles instantly, while a powerful jerk given at the same moment, snatched his feet backwards from under him with a force that brought his nose and mouth into contact with the earth before he had time to utter an exclamation.

He was scarcely down before his captor was upon him with one knee between his shoulders, at the base of the neck, effectually preventing him from raising his head enough to raise an alarm, while he coolly, but with wonderful precision and rapidity, tied his hands behind him with the end of the cord. The scout then, by a sudden pull, turned him on his back, clapping his hand over his mouth as he did so, thus preventing any imprudent outcry, and then, without wasting any words, which the other would not have understood, enjoined silence by the low "sh," which is comprehensible in all languages, enforced by a slight, but expressive pressure of his knife point upon the side of the neck, between the ear and the edge of the leather stock. He then slightly relaxed his grasp upon the mouth, to see whether his prisoner had discretion enough to take the hint and keep it shut. As may be supposed, the fellow was half stunned, and a good deal more than half confused by his fall: he was just beginning to recover his faculties as his captor eased his hand from his mouth, and immediately showed that he had very little discretion, by opening it to shout for help, whereupon his captor, who had untwined the cord from his legs, clapped his left hand upon his throat in a way that made him open his mouth to its full extent for breath, and incontinently thrust the leaden ball, about as large as a walnut with the hull on, into his wide-stretched jaws, cleverly filling up the cavity, and effectually stopping any noise from issuing thereat. Tying a handkerchief tightly around the mouth, to keep the extempore gag in its place, he led his prisoner cautiously, but rapidly, away in the shadow of the orchard, until he reached the ravine, diving into which, he hurried up to where the troop was stationed.

Frank and the remaining scout came in at the same time. They had been less fortunate, in one respect, at least, for both had killed their men. Frank had been compelled to do so; for as he put his hand down to raise himself behind the tree under which the sentinel had at that instant turned, he placed it and pressed with his whole weight, right upon a cluster of chestnut burrs, which some urchin, in passing, had clubbed down. Though he made no exclamation, the sharp, unexpected sting made him start slightly, and the soldier heard him and turned. There was no time to lose; and leaping upon him before he had time to lower his musket to fire, he seized it by the barrel, and drove his knife into the luckless Hessian's throat. With a single effort to shout, which only produced a low choking gurgle, the man fell dead, and Frank sped back across the meadow, crouching low until he came within the shadow of the trees that lined the ravine.

The other had taken the same plan as had been taken with the sentinel at the spring, and had jerked the cord against his throat with such good-will that the man actually rolled down the bank with his neck broken.

So far, all had been successful; and, long as it has taken to tell it, was accomplished in a few minutes. Clayton immediately put the troop in motion, calculating to pass the lines before the relief guard should come around. The storm was drawing nearer, and the thunder was beginning to roll heavily, and almost continuously, effectually drowning the sound of the horses' feet, and they reached the lines without being discovered; but it happened that the officer whom Clayton had seen the previous evening, was in command of the relief guard, and after he had returned from placing the sentinels, the thought of Clayton's last words, and the half suspicion they had roused, recurred to him, and he determined to visit the outposts again before the time was up, to see what the sentries were doing. Reaching the bend of the ravine, where the upper one was stationed, he found the post vacant.

"The scoundrel's deserted!" said he, with an oath; "forward, men, and let's see what's become of the next one."

At this instant, a broad glare of lightning blazed across the sky, showing him the whole of Clayton's troop crossing his track between him and the chestnut tree, not more than thirty yards off.

"Fire!" he shouted; "fire, you dogs, and then make for the tents!"

He was answered by the instant discharge of all the muskets of the patrol, without effect, however, in the intense darkness, while the troop, paying no attention to his party, now that the alarm was given, put their horses to their speed towards the centre of the camp where stood Knyphausen's marquee.

In a moment after the fire of the guard, they heard the long roll of drums in every direction; there was the tramp of hurrying feet, and voices of officers issuing orders rapidly and sharply, as the men poured, half-dressed and "drunk with sleep," from their tents, and formed hastily to repel an attack of they knew not what.

Then came a rattle of musketry fired in the direction of the roar of hoofs which were sweeping on like a hurricane, but fired so hurriedly and at random, that not a shot took effect. The next instant, however, came the heavy bang of a field piece which had been hastily unlimbered and loaded, and a twelve pound shot hummed through the troop, emptying five or six saddles at once.

A leap of Bettle's horse brought him alongside the gunner, who dove under the gun just in time to save his head from being swept off by a back-handed blow of Bettle's sword.

Another broad glare of lightning, and then another and another flashed over the sky in such rapid succession, that for several seconds the whole expanse of meadow and forest and camp were visible in the glimmering light, showing the rows of tents with the General's marquee in the midst not thirty yards off; but the same glare showed the whole camp alive with soldiers hurrying to their respective posts, and twenty or thirty men rapidly unlimbering and loading the artillery. The game was blocked, and nothing was left but to escape as well as they could. It looked like a forlorn hope, but Clayton, whose coolness and watchfulness nothing ever disturbed, fertile in resources, as he now and many a time afterwards had sore need to be, was ready for the emergency. His keen eye had observed, while the lightning was flashing, that the only force actually opposed to him was the small detachment, whose ineffectual fire he had just received, and which was only half formed. He determined to charge their flank, cut his way through, if possible, and pass across their rear before the others could join them, and so run the gauntlet of the irregular fire, or turn on them again before they could form, and scatter them.

He gave his orders instantly, and the column wheeled and dashed headlong at the enemy, riding down all in their way, the horses, trained to their work, striking furiously with their fore feet and seizing with their teeth every one within reach.

The enemy turned, promptly enough as they gained the rear, but their line such as it was, was hopelessly disordered, and in another moment there was a confused hurly-burly of horse and foot in deadly hand to hand strife, man to man.

They were so mingled that it was impossible for those coming up to fire without killing their own friends; but the nearest body, consisting of about fifty or sixty, having had time to form, came up in solid column with the bayonet. Another body, rather stronger, was advancing on the other side, and Clayton saw, in the now almost incessant blaze of the lightning, that he was hemmed in.

"By the piper," said the officer at the head of the smaller company, "if it isn't George Fox, with a carnal weapon in his hand; thee's done for, friend George."

"Perhaps thee's mistaken," said Clayton, who had recognized the voice of the officer to whom he had been talking at the landing, "perhaps thee's mistaken. Away!" he shouted, and his men, who had been in a solid square, instantly streamed out into two lines as if by magic, and darted between the opposing forces at full speed, crouching low behind their horses' necks, and pouring from beneath them on either hand, a fire from their pistols, which was instantly returned, though without much effect on either side. Another moment, and they were clear, and a hundred yards off in the meadow, but now separated into half a dozen squads, and scattered from one end of it to the other.

Battalion after battalion came up and poured in their vollies, but with little effect, as may be supposed, upon an enemy which showed no two men together to fire at, and of whom every individual was constantly in rapid motion, never standing still for a moment. On the other hand the carbines were cracking singly from all directions in the meadow, as the riders circled about like hawks, preserving, in all their apparent looseness, a symmetry of evolution, which showed plainly that some incomprehensible kind of discipline was at work among them. This irregular fire did a good deal of mischief in the solid ranks, nearly every ball telling. By this time, however, the artillery was brought up, and a storm of grape from half a dozen guns at once whistled across the meadow, knocking three or four more men off their horses. It was now time to leave in earnest; and Clayton having given the order to retreat, without which his men would have stood their ground all night, they gave a parting volley from their carbines, and rode off towards the ravine, followed by another ineffectual discharge of musketry, and in five minutes more were in the wood from which they had first emerged.

"Well, of all the—isn't a Quaker the very d—l!" said the officer who had recognized Clayton; "to slip through our fingers that way; 'bout face; march!" and back they marched through the rain which was now pouring furiously.

CHAPTER VI.

The attempt had failed; not from want of care or management on the part of Clayton, but from one of those awkward contingencies which cannot be foreseen, and against which there is no guarding. It gave Knyphausen, however, a glimpse of a new feature, to him, in the tactics of the enemy. With regulars, he knew very well what to do, but this kind of heretical manœuvring, this way of attacking, like a nest of hornets, a sting and away, leaving nothing for him to attack in return, was as uncomfortable and confusing to him, as it became to a good many more of his majesty's faithful officers before the war was ended.

The next day the British forces moved forward to Gray's Hill, and from that time until the eleventh of September they were occupied in working their way to Chad's ford, harrassed by continual skirmishes and desultory attacks, in which our Quaker corps was by no means idle.

It was evening, the eleventh of September. The battle had been fought gallantly against odds in numbers, in training, in discipline; and it had been lost. The broken columns of the bulk of the American army were flying down the road from Birmingham meeting-house to Dilworthstown. General Greene still stubbornly held the narrow defile commanding the road, where he had stationed himself by Washington's orders, as soon as the retreat became inevitable. La Fayette, wounded in attempting to rally the flying troops, was lying helpless at the house of William Jones, about half a mile north of the meeting-house. Pulaski, with his cavalry, was covering the retreat. The old meeting-house was turned into an hospital, and the surgeons were busy with knife and saw and tourniquet.

When it had grown dark, and the pursuit had ceased, Greene withdrew from his position in the defile, and marched with what remained of the American forces in good order towards Chester, which had been fixed upon by the commander as a rendezvous.

Clayton, however, who had stationed himself with his troop in the same defile, under General Greene's orders for the time, separated his force from Greene's as soon as they were fairly on the road, it being no part of his purpose to accompany the retreat of the army, and making a wide circuit to the eastward to outreach the British, struck the Brandywine again on the east branch, at Jefferis' ford, and thence proceeded along the road described in the first chapter, till he reached the quaint little old brick house which I have already described. His force was sadly reduced, consisting now of not more than thirty-five or forty men, with some twenty extra horses which had kept in the ranks after their riders had fallen, and now followed in good order in the rear. It was now about eleven o'clock at night, and all was still except the occasional bark of a watch dog, breaking sharply and harshly through the monotonous roar of a dam higher up the stream, and the gurgling of the small "run" which crossed the road they were on just below the house.

The building, or rather the barn* belonging to it, came into view first, from a point in the road some two or three hundred yards below, where it turned the corner of a high bank on the east side. On arriving at this point, Clayton gave the order to halt, in a low voice, and turning to Barton, who was riding near him, inquired whether he knew the place or anything about the country.

"No," answered Barton, "I don't, but Frank here, is from somewhere in this neighborhood, and ought to know."

"Does thee know whose place this is, Frank?" said Clayton; "the men and horses are tired and hungry, and I would like to find some place to rest and refresh them."

"Well, I reckon I know it," said Frank, "and we couldn't ha' lit on a better place. Lookee here, this is old Tommy Sanford's place: as good a Whig as the country can turn up, only he's got so many Tory neighbors he can't show it, for fear o' bein' tuk, an' handed over to the Britishers, if they git the upper hand."

"Well, I suppose, if we take possession of the house and barn, without his consent, he won't mind it particularly," said Barton.

"No, I 'xpect not," said Frank; "but jest lookee here, hadn't I better go up by myself, an' take a squint round first, to see if there's any bloody Tories about there? It wouldn't be nice to tumble on to a hundred or two of 'em without bein' ready, would it?"

"Not very," said Clayton, "go on, then, and see if thee can perceive any signs of them."

"All right," said Frank, "you keep still, this side o' th' bridge, 'till I come back or call. If you hear an owl, there's danger, and you'd better git into the cornfield, off from the road, an' then I'll know where to find you."

So saying, Frank dismounted and proceeded towards the barn, while one of the other men, by Clayton's order, silently took down the bars that led into the field where the corn was standing high enough to conceal a man on horseback, in order that they might if necessary get out of the road without noise. This done, the troop stood silent, the men with their carbines under their left arms, and their swords tucked in between thigh and saddle, as they always rode in night marches.

In the meantime, Frank proceeded cautiously along the road, keeping well in the shadow of the bank until he reached the corner of the barn-yard, which was upon the edge of the road. Here he stopped, and crouching by the wall peered over. The night was too dark to see anything distinctly, but he thought he could perceive, in the deep shadow beneath the upper part of the barn, which projected some twenty feet over the lower portion, and was supported by rude pillars of heavy masonry, something like the figures of five or six animals, whether horses or cattle, he could not tell. He also heard sounds within the stables, apparently among the stalls, which seemed to indicate a larger number of occupants than he knew the old farmer was accustomed to keep.

He kept along the yard, crouching below the top of the wall, until he reached the corner nearest the house, where he could get a clear view of the gangway and of the space between the house and barn. Before reaching the corner, he laid himself at full length, and snaked, or "sniggled" his way, as he termed it, along, so close to the ground that there was no possibility of seeing him, had there been a dozen sentries. But none was visible, and Frank cautiously raised himself and moved on tiptoe up the gangway, to the barn doors, where he stood for a minute listening intently. While in this position, he felt his left hand, which was hanging carelessly behind him, touched by something cold. Startled, he turned promptly, hand on knife, but found nothing but a dog, which he had given to the old farmer about six months before, and which had recognized him, and was now rubbing its cold nose against him and whining joyfully.

"St, Carlo, old boy, 'st;" said Frank in a whisper, "keep that throat o' yourn still," and giving the dog a light pinch on the ear, the intelligent brute lay down close to the ground, giving no signs of life except a wary turning of the head occasionally.

After listening a minute longer, and hearing no sound, except the occasional movements of the horses below, Frank pulled the latch string of the small door which opened in one of the large ones, opened it noiselessly, stepped over the bottom board and entered the threshing floor of the barn. A few moments satisfied him that there was no one there but himself, and coming out again he proceeded towards the house.

If he had found silence in the barn, he did not find it when he reached the kitchen door, for the kitchen at least was evidently full of men, who were as evidently carousing. He could distinguish certainly not less than from forty to fifty different voices amid the confused hubbub which prevailed, and stealing to the window, a small narrow opening, glazed with lozenge-shaped lights set in lead, and destitute of shutters, he looked in, standing a foot or so back, however, that his face might be hidden in the gloom outside.

What he saw was this. The kitchen full of men, some asleep on the floor, some sitting around a table, in company with a demijohn and an uncouth looking variety of mugs and cups for drinking, and some gathered near a corner of the room where sat, evidently prisoners, Thomas Sanford and his two sons John and Mahlon. The old man's countenance wore an expression of gloomy thought, and he took little notice of the efforts of his wife and Jenny, who sat beside him, to cheer him up. The younger men sat still with a look of dogged endurance, but with a drawing together of the eyebrows, and a compressed squareness about the lips, which told of anything but amiable feelings at work within.

At this moment one of the men, a lean, shambling fellow, with a long peaked nose, rose from the table, and crossing the room to where the girl was sitting, with that excessively precise step which marks the stage of intoxication graphically designated as a "brick in his hat," squared himself before her with a vacant look of maudlin sentimentality for a moment, and then before she could suspect what he was at, deliberately stooped over her, and attempted to take her face between his hands, and draw it towards his own. As the girl thrust away his hands indignantly, and made an unsuccessful attempt to rise from her chair, the two young men who were sitting near, both sprang to their feet at once and seized him by the throat. They were instantly grappled with, however, by half a dozen of those who stood around, and were dragged off, struggling furiously.

"Let me go!" exclaimed John, "the drunken coward has insulted my sister;" and both renewed their struggles so vehemently that it required all the strength of the six men to hold them.

There was a hurly burly of voices. "Let 'em at him." "Fair play; one at a time." "He *shall* kiss the gal." "He shan't." "It's a shame." "Knock the young rebels on the head." Some attempting to drag the fellow away, some striving to prevent it. All who had been sitting at the table had sprung up and were joining in the scuffle, those who had been asleep on the floor were "picking themselves up," and staring around in the confusion of their sudden awakening, and there was every prospect of a general melee.

Blows were beginning to be exchanged, and several of the combatants, extricating themselves from the crowd, made towards the muskets which were stacked in the opposite corner of the room. This had been foreseen from the beginning, however, by the cooler heads of the party, and a dozen of them had formed themselves around the pile of arms, and stood quietly and firmly in a quarter circle, whose arc bristled with bayonets from wall to wall.

This was an unanswerable argument, which the others did not attempt to controvert, but turned back again to resume the fight "pugnibus et calcibus."

By this time, however, a few of those who were nearest to being sober, had interfered and managed to separate the combatants, and restore some kind of order.

The whole thing did not occupy more than a couple of minutes, and the men resumed their places, some at the table and some on the floor. The girl, however, sat with her face buried in her hands, while her mother bent over, striving to comfort her, and her brothers sat grinding their teeth in powerless rage.

Frank had beheld the whole scene from the window, and at the moment the fellow stooped over the girl, he was covered by the cocked horse-pistol in Frank's hand. Another instant and he would have fired, but while his forefinger was pressing the trigger, the two brothers had sprung directly into the line of fire; from that time, until tranquillity was restored, no opportunity occurred for him to fire without imminent danger of hitting the wrong man. It gave him also an opportunity of recovering his coolness, which had at first been somewhat disturbed by his sudden wrath.

"Lookee here!" said he, addressing nobody in particular, and quietly uncocking the pistol; "by the hokey! well it wasn't Bettie 'stead o' me, saw that rascal try to kiss Jenny Sanford, he'd a' ben among 'em slap dash, an' got his throat cut, sure. Blamed if I wasn't nigh doin' a desp'it foolish thing myself, to go to shoot him then. I reckon Bettie wouldn't a' thanked me much for takin' that job off his hands, anyhow. Now I'll just take a squint round the house, an' see if there's any sentries out, an' then back an' report."

So saying, Frank moved cautiously around the building, as noiselessly as a snake, and satisfied himself that the Tories, in their fancied security, had overlooked this very important precaution.

Hurrying back to where the troop were standing, he reported what he had seen to Clayton.

"Can we take them?" asked the latter, "or are they too strong? The men and horses are tired out, and not fit for fighting. I would like to save those people, too, particularly as thee says that Bettie is interested in the young woman. Suppose thee tells him, and sees what he thinks."

"No; reckon we'd best not tell him jest yet," said Frank; "Bettie's skin wouldn't hold him, if he know'd it. He'll fight hard enough, if there's any fightin' to be done without knowin' anything about it. But there needn't be much fightin', if we go to work right."

"Well, what does thee propose?"

"Why, lookee here; we don't want to take 'em at all; wouldn't know what to do with 'em if we had 'em; but we can rout 'em off, an' save old Tommy an' the rest of 'em, jest as easy as snappin' your fingers."

"How?" inquired Clayton.

"Why, I'll tell you as we go along; leave a dozen o' the men here, with the loose horses in front of 'em; bring a dozen more up to the barn-yard, an' put 'em behind the wall with their carbines—they must leave their horses out o' sight, behind the barn—and half a dozen up the road, between the house an' the Lancaster road, an' let me have the rest, an' we'll fix 'em good."

"Be it so," said Clayton; "what next?"

"Tell you that as we go along," said Frank.

Clayton then ordered Barton to remain where he was with a dozen of his men, telling him to form the loose horses in front, as suggested by Frank. The detachment for the barnyard was sent forward under Wheeler, while Wetherill was sent to occupy the road above, and Bettle, with his men, accompanied Frank, at the latter's request. Clayton also went with this detachment. A few minutes sufficed to place the different parties at their respective posts, and put them in possession of their orders.

It was a ticklish thing to get Wetherill's detachment past the house without noise, but partly by taking to the meadow and partly owing to the noise in the house, where the Tories were now in high revel, it was accomplished successfully.

The road ran nearly north and south, directly in front of the house. The barn was about fifty yards to the south of the house, with only the width of the barnyard between it and the road.

The men who occupied the latter were posted behind its northern wall, facing the house.

Frank and Bettle's men now dismounted, and, leaving their horses also behind the barn, with three men to guard them, stole quietly and noiselessly to the side of the house near the great road, which was about two or three hundred yards distant. When all was ready, Frank stole back to the corner of the barnyard, and picking up a small stone, flung it across the yard into the field beyond, where the guard was stationed with the horses. A moment or two after, a faint light was seen rising from that side of the barn. Frank waited another moment till the light grew stronger and began to throw something of a glare upon the sky; then yelling "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, he ran at full speed towards the house, and banging and kicking at the door, he shouted again,

"Fire! Hello, there! The barn's afire!—Turn out, Tommy Sanford, or your horses 'll be roasted like rats!"

The door was thrown open instantly, and out poured the disorderly crowd from the kitchen, intent upon saving their horses. Taking no notice of Frank, who sprang a little on one side to avoid being carried away by the rush, the whole party went helter-skelter towards the barn, receiving, when within twenty yards of the wall, the fire of a dozen carbines, right in their faces. They stopped short, completely bewildered, and before they had recovered from their surprise, a dozen heads, magnified by the sudden fright into a hundred, were raised above the wall, and another volley from a dozen pistols came, sending them to the right about, in full stampede for the house.—As they came near, they were met by another volley from door and window, when they dashed down the bank on which the house stood, and up the road, only to be turned again by the carbines of Wetherill's men, who immediately moved down to the house and stationed themselves in front of it.

The terrified fugitives ran in a confused crowd down the road past the barn, taking another discharge from the carbines of Wheeler's men as they passed, and had the consolation, first, of seeing the dying flame of a pile of burnt brushwood which Frank's quick eye had noted as he came up at first, and which he had made use of to raise all the hubbub, and then, as they slackened their pace for a moment, of hearing the cracking of a new dozen of carbines, and the whistling of the balls about their ears, from Barton's division at the bridge.

The next moment came the order "Forward," and then the tramp of galloping hoofs, and then the wild vision of a mad full of riderless horses coming upon them. They broke at once; and scrambling, leaping, tumbling over anyhow, across the fence and into the meadow, they ran for life, while the spare horses of the troop swept by like a small hurricane, trampling into a jelly one unlucky fellow, who had stumbled in his hurry, and was unable to recover himself before they were upon him.

As the fugitives cleared the fence, a quick, sharp order came from the rear. "Over, and head them off!" The pursuers wheeled promptly, but, to Barton's chagrin, the tired horses absolutely refused to take the leap, and after two or three ineffectual attempts to spur them over, they were obliged to give it up, contenting themselves with sending a random discharge from their pistols after the now invisible enemy. They then rode to the house, where they found the rest of the troop collected, together with the loose horses which had been stopped by Wetherill's men.

As soon as the Tories had left the house, at the first alarm, Frank, Bettle, and Clayton, with the men under their command, had entered it, greatly to the alarm of the old farmer and his family, who supposed them, at first, to be another party of the enemy.

The next instant, however, just as the first volley from the barnyard wall rattled on the air, Thomas Sanford recognized Frank, and at the same moment Jenny sprang from her seat, exclaiming joyfully,

"Oh, father, it's William, it's William! Now we're safe!" and straightway gave vent to her joy in the most inconsistent manner, by clinging to Bettle's neck, and sobbing pitifully. Bettle sustained her,—it was necessary to put his arm around her waist to do it,—and whispered a great many consoling things, but in so low a voice that I really can't tell what they were.

Indeed, he was so pleasantly engaged, that, for a wonder, he paid no attention to the fighting that was going on for the five minutes or so that succeeded their first entry into the house, hardly deigning to look around even at the discharge from the door and windows, as the Tories rushed back from the barn.

By the time the fray was over, and the whole troop was assembled, Jenny had become sufficiently composed to be able to sit on her chair without the assistance of Bettle's arm, and the farmer, turning to Frank, inquired,

"How did thee manage to be here just at the right time? I thought thee was in Philadelphy."

"Don't you know me well enough yet, Uncle Tommy," said Frank, "to know that I'm always where people don't expect to find me? Lookee here, if we hadn't been whipped down at Brumadgem, an' had to run for it, I reckon you'd ha' been in an ugly fix—"

"Whipped!" interrupted one of the brother's; "we heard the fife', and knew there must be somethin' goin' on; but where's the rest of the army?"

"Gone to Chester or Hook; don' know which," said Frank.

"Then the country will be too hot to hold you," said Thomas, "and us too, after this night's work."

"I reckon we'll make it hot enough to burn anybody's fingers that meddles with us," said Frank; "but lookee here, Uncle Tommy, there's forty men of us here, and sixty horses, that hain't tasted bit or sup since noon, an' done a good deal o' hard fightin' besides. Got anything in the house to eat, an' some cider or whiskey, an' some fodder for the beasts? We're all mortal hungry an' dry."

"We have plenty in house and barn," said the old man: "only we hav'nt room to put up the horses."

"Never mind that," said Frank; "toss it out on the ground, an' the hosses 'll take care o' themselves."

The two sons then went out with Frank to procure food and water for the horses, while Jenny and her mother busied themselves in preparing supper, for their unexpected guests.

This Frank Lightfoot, who has figured rather prominently in the events I have detailed so far, is worth a more particular description than I have as yet given him.

He was an old Indian fighter, having been a wagon-boy in Braddock's army at the defeat of the latter near Fort Duquesne, in the month of July, 1755. He had seen his elder brother, a trumpeter, shot down by his side at the first volley from the bushes, and seizing the musket of a fallen soldier, had at once thrown himself into the ranks of the Virginians under Washington,—the only corps in the whole army that had the slightest idea of how to manage such an affair, and who were already scattering among the trees—and had done a man's full share in the work of saving the besotted regulars, and such of their officers as survived the murderous storm of rifle balls which were pouring into their solid ranks.

From the day of that disastrous blunder of old fogyism, to the commencement of the Revolution, he had employed himself as a scout and Indian fighter, attaching himself as a volunteer to every expedition that was sent against the savages, and always rendering valuable service by his skill and daring, and his intimate knowledge of all the stratagems used by those most perplexing of all enemies.

He was, at the time he joined Clayton's troop, about thirty five years of age; thin, wiry, with one of those prematurely seamed, old-looking faces which you sometimes see upon young men, sallow in complexion, with strong black hair, and burning black eyes gleaming from under it, with iron muscles, and no nerves at all; he would ride, if necessary, for forty hours at a stretch, without sleep or food, except a biscuit now and then, and a draught of water. No fatigue seemed to exhaust him, and no danger deterred him in carrying out orders. He was attached to Barton's division of the troop, and was his right-hand man, the one to whom he always looked, whenever anything of difficulty or danger was to be undertaken.

He was also a great favorite with Bettle, to whom he was strongly attached; the two, though of such unequal age and education, being drawn together by some occult sympathy of their dare-devil temperaments, and having, now, the Sanford family, with whom Frank had lived previously to his enlistment, as a further bond of union.

Bettle had by no means made him a confidant as to his feelings towards Jenny, but from some expressions he had let drop, at different times, after his return from his expedition in July, Frank, with his natural acuteness, had no difficulty in seeing how matters stood.

To resume. After supper, the tired men and horses passed the rest of the night in the sound sleep they so much needed after their stormy day; the former on the barn floor, which John and Mahlon Sanford had covered thickly with hay thrown from the mow, and the latter on the ground outside.

Jenny had left the room as soon as possible after supper was ready, feeling decidedly embarrassed at the demonstration she had almost unconsciously made when she first saw Bettle.

The officers were accommodated with rooms so far as could be done in a house that had only two unoccupied, one of which belonged to the farmer's two sons, who had volunteered to stand guard for the rest of the night, and in a few minutes nothing was heard but the long, heavy respirations of the tired sleepers, through which rasped harshly, and like all through the house, the prodigious snore of Mike away up in the garret under the roof.

The brothers stood on guard until after sunrise, but no farther disturbance took place—the eventful scenes of the next twenty-four hours, however, we must leave for another chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* It no longer exists; the present barn is on the West side of the road, between the house and the Strasburg road.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance: $2½, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
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The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome steel engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Botter in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

DEATH IN THE GLASS!

The *London Punch*, of a recent date, gives the following as the London receipt for making Public House Port Wine:—

Put in cider, five times nine
Gallons, brandy six; combine
Ditto two, strained broth of sloes,
Mix eight, real port, with those.
If the color of the stuff
Is not bright and strong enough,
Add the tincture of red sanders,
To deceive the goose and ganders.
Every bottle, rogue, into,
Put one drachm of catechu,
That will give astringent savor,
And a crust as well as flavor.
Dye corks with Brazil wood:
Public House Port thus is brewed!

What is true of London, probably is doubly true of every city, town and village in the United States. Even such a simple article as Cider is manufactured without a single drop of the genuine article. A grocer told us the other day, that a manufacturer had given him a glass of stuff which tasted exactly like pure sparkling cider, and which the said manufacturer admitted was *entirely* an artificial article. Water, "oil of apples" (which is a new article to us), carbonic acid gas, and various drugs, were the constituents. The grocer said that "oil of apples" was poisonous—but of this we know nothing. The said manufacturer of cider said that certain retail grocers in this city, were supplying the above compound to their customers at the rate of a barrel per week.

As to other liquors, we see the following statement going the rounds:—

A chemist recently bought of an importer in New York a bottle of what was called real champagne, and found it to contain *one quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead!*

The same gentleman analyzed sixteen samples of wine—Port, Sherry, and Madeira—in which not *one drop of the juice of the grape* was found. The base of the port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with elderberry juice, with alum, sugar and neutral spirits.—The basis of the sherry wine was a pale malt, sulphuric acid from bitter almonds, with a per centage of alcoholic spirits from brandy. The Madeira wine was a decoction of hops, sulphuric acid, honey, Jamaica spirits, etc. *The port wine was used in the churches for sacramental purposes!*

It is next to impossible to find any pure wine in this country. With drugs, common whiskey can be turned into rum, brandy, or gin. Arsenic is used to restore the bead of liquors. Filthy water, and all manner of drugs, are used in malt liquor and lager beer. Even cockroaches and bed bugs are used to give wine a "nutty" flavor. These are facts that are proven and corroborated by the first chemists in the land, and cannot be questioned.

The Liquor Inspector of Cincinnati, in his statement, says that the liquors now sold and drank are "villainous in the extreme." In his inspections, the tests indicated sulphuric acid, nitric acid, nitric ether, prussic acid, guinea pepper, fusil oil, &c. Similar equally destructive ingredients were found in other samples. He never yet has met with *any* sample of pure port wine in the country. This exposition has caused a falling off of $100,000 in the sale of liquors in Cincinnati alone in one year's time.

The avails of the frauds committed in the adulteration of wine and spirits in the city of New York are supposed to be at least three millions of dollars annually!

Is there not some way to prevent these adulterations—whose daily effects are pain, and disease, and death! Even such common drinks as ale and porter, who is safe in buying them! What brewer in this city is willing to go to Dr. Cox, formerly Liquor Inspector of Cincinnati—who is now lecturing in the East—and challenge him to an investigation of his malt liquors!

That not one of our brewers has yet done this, tends greatly to confirm the general belief that there is not one who manufactures a genuine article! In fact, Dr. Cox expressly says that "one sample of beer examined in Philadelphia, gave sulphuric acid, alum, sulphate of iron, salt, water. There was none of the extract of malt. While he did not find a single pure article of brandy."

We should think that any brewer, conscious of his own integrity, would want no better advertisement than a challenge to Dr. Cox would give him. Everybody would want the Ale and Porter that the Liquor Inspector himself pronounced pure.

While things remain as they are, however, the only safety is in either abstaining entirely from all spirituous liquors, or else manufacturing your own beers and wines. To buy of liquor dealers, seems to be too great a risk for any prudent man to incur. Even Longworth's wines, Dr. Cox says, are often sadly adulterated—of course, as we suppose, not by Mr. Longworth himself. Large quantities of copper have been found in what purported to be the pure Catawba. By making your own wines, out of your own grapes, or your own currants, however, you can be certain of procuring at least a genuine, unadulterated article. And this seems to be the only way in which you can be sure of it, and avoid Death in the glass.

HEALTH OF WOMEN.

Whether the general health of English women is better than that of American women, is a subject we have often heard discussed in social circles. Harriet Martineau, who may be considered pretty good authority on this point, touches the subject incidentally in an article on "English Young Ladies," which will be found in our paper this week. She and Florence Nightingale both allude to the general ill-health of ladies, in about the same terms as are used this side of the Atlantic. Florence Nightingale even makes the comparison between the present generation of English women, and their sturdy mothers, and still sturdier grandmothers, which is almost a stereotyped one with American writers upon health, when treating of American women. So the rosy, healthy, ten-miles-walking Englishwoman, can only be found among the Aristocracy, according to Miss Martineau! This, if true, would go far to confirm the view we have held for many years, that it is the incessant and heavy burden of indoor cares which is sapping the constitution of so many of our American women. With all the demands of a highly civilized state of society upon them—with a goodly number of children—and deficient help—who can wonder that the stoutest back often grows weak, the reddest cheek pale, and that the children inherit a weaker constitution than their parents? But how to help it—ah, there's the rub. Plenty of out-door exercise for children and young ladies, will do much to give them a strong constitution to start with—and perhaps, after-a-while, the skies will fall in some way, and victuals be so much tasks, ready cooked—or the Millennium will come, and allow the race again to do without clothes, except, of course, a few fig-leaves. For it is this necessity of preparing food and clothing, which involves such a vast burden of care. Once rid of that, and the day of red cheeks and vigorous frames might come again. For while it is undeniable that a reasonable amount of work—and even hard work—is promotive alike of health and strength, it is equally undeniable that too much work, especially when allied with constant care, is just as destructive of both. Too much care, of itself, will kill anybody. As the old proverb phrases it, to show what care will do—"Care killed the *cat!*"

VACCINATION.

It is singular what a great difference of opinion obtains among physicians as to the danger of vaccination. Some contend that there is danger of inoculating the patient with other diseases, when using the vaccine matter, and therefore insist upon the greatest caution in procuring the virus, either by getting it from the cow direct, or from healthy subjects;—while others say that it is absolutely impossible to infuse any other disease into the system with the vaccine matter. Thus Dr. Walter Channing publishes a communication in the Boston "Medical and Surgical Journal," in which he says:—

In a recent visit to Dr. Jackson, (now 83 years old,) I asked him if he had met any instances, and how many, of diseases of any kind being introduced by vaccination. *He said he had never met with an instance.*

Here is the testimony of a careful and accomplished inquirer, to a most important fact in the history of vaccination. Here is the testimony of 60 years, to the entire safety of vaccination. This testimony may well rest alone. But if it can be added to, may I not appeal to my own observation for more than half a century concerning the same important Inquiry? *Not an instance has been observed by me of the introduction of any disease by vaccination.*

And yet, in the face of this, we have the common belief of the people, supported by the belief of intelligent physicians, that there is danger of communicating other diseases along with the cow pox by vaccination.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Editors, of course. And our decision is, that as it evidently can do no harm to be extremely careful in the obtaining of your vaccine matter—and as it may possibly avoid great evils—it is the part of common sense, in all physicians, to exercise this care.

A Suggestion.—Dr. J. S. Wilson, of Columbus, Georgia, who takes great interest in the subject of physical improvement, suggests that "an endowed Professorship of Hygiene be established as a feature of the proposed Physical Institute in this city, and that a regular course of lectures be delivered every year on the Laws of Health, Public and Private Hygiene," &c.

WASHINGTON MANNERS.

The "Washington States and Union" gives the following illustration of what some people seem to consider good manners in the *Federal* city. We use the term *Federal* instead of Federal, because it seems to be such a good place for feeding—it being utterly impossible, as we learn, for any of our "great" men to obtain sufficient to eat under from fifteen to fifty courses. Shakspeare says of Cardinal Wolsey, that he was a man "of an unbounded stomach;" and in this respect, if no other, our great men seem to resemble the great Cardinal.

But to return to the statement of our Washington contemporary, which we quote as follows:—

A Senatorial Supper.—Last evening Senator Thompson entertained a large party of gentlemen at supper, including Mr. Speaker Pennington, and quite a delegation of the New Jersey Legislature. As is very apt to be the case, it was discovered that among the guests were two who had not been invited, but who "availed themselves of the occasion" (as they write at the State Department,) to "ring in." The Senator, however, was not disposed to thus entertain strangers, and *they were most unceremoniously ejected from the festal scene.*

This system of going to entertainments without having been invited, has become an intolerable nuisance. At a large party given a few weeks since, the hostess remarked that she had reason to believe that *nearly fifty of the gentlemen (!) present had thus intruded themselves.* Will it be necessary to have a policeman at the door, whose duty it will be to require guests to show their invitations?

We judge by the above, that at parties now-a-days in Washington, there is not only the invited number always present, but some fifty "*to boot.*" Consequently some conversation like the following, probably always takes place before the company is invited into the dining-room:—

"John, are all the invited guests assembled?"

"Yes, master."

"Are all the uninvited ones kicked out?"

"Yes, master."

"Then announce that dinner is ready."

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley.—We shall publish next week a capital article criticising the substance and tone of the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's notes of travel in the United States. It is by our clever contributor "Nessmuk," and is written in his most able, finished manner. "Nessmuk" and Mr. Berkeley are both gentlemen, and what "Nessmuk" says, though forcible, is said with a gentleman-like suavity and freedom from coarse personality. Mr. Berkeley could scarcely find a foe more worthy in every way of his steel, and we trust he will take the castigation intended for him in the same pleasant temper as it is administered.—*Porter's Spirit.*

We are sorry to see that Mr. Berkeley is to be "criticised," even in a gentlemanly way. Surely the Hon. Mr. Berkeley's notes are very amusing. It is evident that Mr. Berkeley does not make due allowance for his poor fellow mortals this side of the Atlantic, and the fact that they have the folly to live in a newly settled country, instead of an old one—but this only gives a piquancy to his remarks that they would not otherwise possess. And then as to certain matters, such as the general behaviour of the clerks in large hotels, of baggage masters on the railroads, &c., every one who has travelled in the United States, knows that no man could express himself too strongly in these particulars. We know not how it is in Europe, but we know that in these Northern States, the hotel clerks are almost universally wanting in courtesy—and even in common civility, when their houses are full. We appeal to all travellers, whether it is not often a matter of difficulty to get a courteous answer to the most respectful question, from these gentry, who seem to think their business beneath them. And so with the baggage-masters, ticket agents, and almost the whole tribe of railway officials. In fact, the ridiculous pomposity and the silly impudence of all these classes, is one great bar to the pleasure of travelling. When we have seen these conceited clerks of large hotels, taking a state upon themselves as if the whole establishment, and five miles around, belonged to them—giving short and sometimes directly impertinent answers to the inquiries of their guests relative to routes and places—we have wondered whether the proprietors knew how their business agents were deporting themselves.

On the other hand we may say for Mr. Berkeley's edification, that the general opinion of American travellers in Europe, is, that of all Europeans, John Bull is the gruffest and surliest.

The Mayoralty.—The People's Party having renominated Mr. Henry for Mayor, and the Democratic Party having nominated the Hon. John Robbins, Jr., (formerly member of Congress), the political cauldron is already beginning to boil and bubble. Both nominations are generally considered good ones, so far as the men themselves are concerned. Now for "all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious" politics! Soon the omnibusses crammed with musicians, and draped with the American flag, will be brought out; and orators with throats of brass, and foreheads of the same, will be inviting us all, "by all we hold dear, to save our bleeding country." Funny set of fellows, those politicians! Of course they labor and sweat so at turning the huge grindstone of politics, merely for the good of mankind, and not to grind their own private axes—that is, perhaps one in twenty does.

Humboldt Satirical.—A Miss Assing, of Berlin, has been publishing a number of Humboldt's letters to her uncle, which letters contain satirical remarks on the King of Prussia and numerous other persons. Hardly a crowned head but what is cracked. Of Louis Napoleon, Humboldt affirms positively that he is the offspring of an illicit connection between Queen Hortense and the Dutch Admiral Count Verhuel. Prince Albert also is alluded to in terms not the most flattering. The Prussian police prohibited the book, but the Prince Regent—like a wise man—removed the prohibition. Miss Assing probably would have done better to let such offensive matter rest quietly in the privacy for which it was designed.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 204—Adults 95, and children 109.

An American Abroad.—See our Paris letter this week, for an account of the courteous behaviour of one of our public functionaries in an European railroad car. "Uncle Sam" sends some singular specimens abroad, as samples of the American people.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The War in Nicaragua. Written by Gen. William Walker. With a Colored Map of Nicaragua, and a Portrait of Gen. Walker.—Published by S. H. Goetzel & Co., Mobile, Ala., and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, 25 South Sixth street, Phila.

Say and Seal. By the Author of "Wide, Wide World," and the Author of "Dollars and Cents." In Two Volumes. "If any man make religion as twelve, and the world as thirteen, such a one hath not the spirit of a true New Englandman."—*Higginson.* Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Fundamental Ideas of Mechanics and Experimental Data. By A. Morin. Revised, Translated, and Reduced to English Units of Measure, by Joseph Bennett, Civil Engineer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., No. 724 Chestnut street, Phila.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee, author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," "Kathie Brande," &c. Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; and for sale by Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Mrs. Ellis's Housekeeping Made Easy.—Edited by Mrs. Mowatt. Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; and for sale by Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Life Before Him. A Novel. "Thy gates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them."—*Twelfth Night.* Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; and for sale by Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The History of Herodotus. A New English Version, Edited with Copious Notes and Appendices, &c. By George Rawlinson, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson. In Four Volumes. Volume Third. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., 724 Chestnut street, Phila.

ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time, there lived a King and Queen,
Whose very looks filled hungry folks with food.
They lived on partridge; dressed in lace and sheen;
All only for their realm's beatitude.
When flour grew scanty, and the people lean,
"Eat poultry," quoth the King; "*It's just as good!*"
The King can make and unmake what he's done.
He's born to shade his Highness from the sun!
The King can make both peace and war at will.
While we are only born our graves to fill!
On goes the night—the coming dawn is seen.
Once on a time—there lived a King and Queen!

☞ A thing takes its character from the way in which we view it. Thus, when Dr. Spooner dined with a friend who had three turbulent sons, and they got into a row at the table, resulting in throwing gravy tureens and hot squash in each other's faces, the father turned to the doctor with the simple remark, "Boys will be lively, sir."

☞ The whalers, says Turner, have a superstition that when they are going to harpoon a whale it is their duty to put their best jackets on. A good hint for the critic when he is going to strike a heavy fish.

☞ Work.—"Work," said I; aim your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work, and see how well you will be. Work, and see how cheerful you will be. Work, and see how independent you will be. Work, and see how happy your family will be. Work, and see how religious you will be; for before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy."—*Sam Slick.*

☞ Everywhere we see much equality, especially in advantages. Persecution breeds activity, unity indolence. Wealth has its voluptuousness, poverty its coarseness. The impassioned man does much good and much harm, the languid man little of either. If many admonitions tell by their frequency, few often tell still more by their rarity. He who knows how to do most good, knows how, by the same comprehensiveness of intellect, to do much evil.

☞ As the flame of life burns too fast in pure oxygen, so thought, the pure, native air of the mind, would soon burn up the heart of man, unless tempered with the nitrogen of other men's society and conversation.—*Emerson.*

☞ An exchange tells a good story of a minister, who, having married one of two beautiful sisters, entreated the richest blessings and mercies of Providence on the bride and groom, as well as "upon the surviving sister!"

☞ I happened in a school-room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. I think it was about their first lesson. "Five from five leaves how many?" asked the teacher of a little girl of some six years old. After a moment's reflection, she answered—"Five." "How do you make that out?" said the teacher. Holding her little hands out to him, she said:—"Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the five on my right hand, won't five remain?" The teacher was "stumped," and was obliged to "knock under."

☞ Buttons are sometimes made to do duty for which they were not originally intended when the contribution box is passed round. A venerable preacher at the West announced a collection somewhat as follows: "My Christian friends, a collection will be taken up for the benefit of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands. And here I wish to warn those of you who put in buttons, against the too prevalent custom of flattening down the eyes; which, while it has no effect in deceiving the poor heathen into the use of these articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for buttons."

☞ An Affectionate Building.—"In the advertisement of a new hotel, it is said, "it embraces about 60 rooms."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Paris, March 8, 1860.

Some ingenious mortal, given to minute analysis, has just been calculating that the cost of the municipal police of Paris—enlarged as is now the area of its operations—will cost, for 1860, the sum of 6,388,895 francs, or 1,277,779 five-franc pieces, which, if placed in a straight line, one after the other, would reach a distance of 47,277 *mètres*, (about *thirty* English miles,) or a length about equal to the present circumference of the metropolis.

OUR ENLARGED BOUNDARIES.

It seems, however, that, notwithstanding the costliness and general efficiency of this important department of the Paris administration, the public, so carefully watched, does occasionally contrive to get the better of the vigilance of its watchers; and moreover, that this was emphatically the case in regard to the substitution of the octroi-boundary which was effected on the first day of the New Year.—Every one knew of and laughed at the midnight procession of the army of work people, and others of the poorer classes, who went out in the evening of the 31st of December, braving cold and fatigue, made purchases of food, wine, faggots, &c., through the last hours of 1859, and re-passed the old octroi-gates in triumph with their purchases, as soon as the former were thrown open on the sounding of the last stroke of twelve. But it has only just leaked out among the public that these petty losses to the revenue of the city were far from constituting the entire loss inflicted on the municipal treasury by the sharpness of French contrivance. It appears that, for weeks beforehand, the various railways were literally encumbered with the enormous mass of every species of octroi-paying commodity, sent for from every corner of France by the Paris dealers. This enormous quantity of goods was stowed away in warehouses, private dwellings, or single rooms, hired for the purpose, outside the old *barrières*: as soon as the New Year had come in, these stores being already within the new limits of the city, their owners had only to remove them to their respective *depots*, in the various quarters of the city, thus saving the very considerable sum which, under other circumstances, they would have had to pay upon them in the shape of the octroi-tax. A friend of mine, one of the Dijon wine growers, who every year brings into Paris the quantity of wine he expects to drink during the ensuing twelve months, tells me that his wine was detained three weeks on the road between Dijon and Paris, and that, when he sent in a complaint to the railway authorities respecting this delay, they replied that it was impossible for them to send it on before, owing to the enormous quantity of goods of every kind previously sent in for transportation by their line, and which they were obliged to forward in the same order of priority in which they had been sent in. It is calculated that the municipality has thus been done out of upwards of eighteen millions of francs!

OUR DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE.

The alternations of warm and cold weather which make this season of the year so trying throughout the greater part of Europe, have been particularly annoying this spring; and for several days we have been alternating between the loveliest sunshine and sudden falls of snow. *Grippes*, rheumatisms, and neuralgias—which flourish with especial luxuriance in Paris—are therefore unusually prevalent.—It appears from the local journals that no less than eleven deaths from cold have taken place this year among the mountains of the Jura alone. A man from Champvaux, having occasion to go to Arbois on business, was found by the gens d'armes lying senseless on the snow, in the middle of the road; the gens d'armes carried him off, but found, on moving him, that his clothes were frozen so hard that they broke like glass. On being covered with a cloak, he recovered partial consciousness, and even walked, with assistance, for nearly 900 yards, when he fainted. Being carried into a house, he again recovered consciousness, but almost immediately fell backwards and expired. Wolves are come down in large numbers; and the distress occasioned in various ways by the severity of the weather is very great. The wine-growers, however, are rejoicing in the hope that the cold will kill the insects, to whose ravages the oidium is now attributed; and the hope of an increased wine-trade with England is expected to lead to a considerable development of their branch of industry.

THE CORK TRADE.

A development which will lead, of course, to a corresponding increase in the cork trade, not only in Portugal and Italy, where the true cork tree flourishes, but in this country, where an enormous quantity of the spurious cork is obtained from the bark of a certain species of oak. It seems that this spurious cork is only an external envelope, and when it is has been removed, it grows again, though slowly. It prevents the development of those parts of the oak on which it grows, although, oddly enough, the oaks on which it is suffered to remain produce larger acorns, and more of them, than any others. The "cork bark," as it is called, is distinguished into "male" and "female" cork. The latter, when removed, is placed in sheds, where it is left to dry slowly. It is afterwards damped, and by means of a double-handled knife, a ligneous crust which envelopes it—but which never appears on the "male" cork—is removed. The cork is then boiled in a cauldron for a quarter of an hour, and is then cut into large squares, which are again boiled for a quarter of an hour, and then left for some time in a damp room. These squares are then cut into corks for bottles. If the corks be made immediately after the boiling, they become covered with black spots, and take a disagreeable color; but if the slices of cork be left in a damp room for two or three *years* without being fashioned, they acquire a superior quality. The refuse of the cork is boiled, then exposed to the action of heat, and is next pressed under heavy weights when it is made up, for the most part, into floats for fishermen's nets. The trade in Portuguese cork is largely increasing, though the exportation from that country already amounts to upwards of ten millions of francs. It takes place principally from Sines, the only port of the province of Alemtajo, where the largest quantity of cork trees grow. London alone consumes, every day, 10,000 pounds of Portuguese corks; and a very large quantity is also sent to France, America, and the Baltic. Spain produces cork, but in no great quantity, having, as yet, so little outlet for her rich and delicious wines, of which it has been stated in the Report of the Wine Committee just laid before the British Parliament, that the wine-growers, unable to sell their products owing to the want of roads to the coast, have been known both to "water" their vineyards and even to "*mix* mortar" with the generous liquor of which they had no means of disposing.

FURTHER SOUTH.

When I began this present writing, a magnificent blue sky and a glorious golden sunlight seemed to be showing off their splendors with a special view to tempt all sedentary workers out of doors; now, as I look up from my scribbling, and out over the wide expanse of garden, with its grass and trees, spread below the window of my *sanctum*, I see that every thing is as white with snow as though we had suddenly relapsed into January. The fierce gales and utter inclemency of the last fortnight, despite its treacherous gleams of fine weather, are driving off to the southward all who can exchange their northern homes for a warmer clime; Rome, Nice, Cannes, Algeria, Madeira, and Egypt, are in high feather, and Paris profits by the transit of all these migratory swallows. For invalids to go no further than the south of France, or the middle of Italy, is, however, well-nigh useless; for the houses are utterly unprovided with winter appliances, and the climate is not sufficiently warm to enable you to do without them; and numbers of invalids—like Mr. Cobden, for instance, who is gone to Cannes to try and get rid of his bronchitis—are dreadfully disappointed at finding that not a room is to be had with a chimney in it, while the temperature, though not nearly so low as that of Paris, is still sufficiently near zero to render a fire indispensable to health as well as to comfort. It would seem that if one really desire to benefit by the change of latitude, the southern shore of the Mediterranean must be gained, or at least the islands nearest to it. Malta is somewhat enervating; but Corfu—a most beautiful island, with the finest fruit all through the winter, a delicious climate, and a scale of prices still wonderfully low—is probably destined to attract invalids from the rest of Europe, as Cuba seems to do the people of the United States.

A POLITE AMERICAN MINISTER.

The great interest, both past and present, which attaches to Rome, and the other Italian cities, draw thither many who, for their health's sake, should go further south; among others, a family of very charming Americans, the husband a "man of mark" in his own land, and the wife a handsome and very clever woman, whose "outspokenness" sometimes gets her into rather funny predicaments, and whose latest adventure in that line might well serve as a warning to those who, in travelling in a foreign land, are too apt to forget that the people they meet in travelling may happen to speak English as well as themselves. Going lately, by rail, to an Italian city,—I forget which, but it does not matter—Mrs. D——'s patience was severely tried by the imperturbable, phlegmatic deportment of a gentleman—an Italian she supposed—who was in the same carriage with herself and her family. This individual, who was lying at full length across the carriage when they opened the door, with his head on the back seat, and his legs on the front one, seemed to suppose that pretty Mrs. D——, her tall husband, her five children, the nurse, and the baskets, were all to manage to get into the carriage by creeping under, or climbing over, his inflexible barrier of legs; and continued to stare in a vacant and indifferent manner, at the excited faces of the party as they tried to get in, there being but a moment for them to do so, before the train would rush forward again on its way through the darkness.

"The unmannerly old creature!" exclaimed the indignant Mrs. D—— at length; "here, Mary," to the nurse, "give me Baby, and then bolt across this dreadful pair of legs: they must give way, if you only go at them with a will, and then father and I will hand in the children over this horrid man as well as we can!"

Mary, accordingly, made a rush at the legs; and of course the legs went down, and a great rattling umbrella with them. The owner of the three displaced moveables drew himself a little, (but a very little) way back, and after a world of pulling and hoisting the five children, parents, and parcels were stowed away beyond him just as the train whisked off.

The disagreeable man began to smoke.

"What a horrid monster," cried the lady to her husband; "my dear, you must brush up your Italian, and make the guard turn him out or his cigar." But the guard never came near the carriage, and the man finished his cigar, opened and closed the window, stretched himself from side to side of the carriage, and rolled himself about with as little thought of the convenience of his neighbors as though he were unconscious of their existence. When the train stopped at its destination, Mrs. D——, who had given vent to her indignation at the stranger's discourtesy in a running comment of comical criticisms thereupon, varied with appreciations of anything but a flattering description of his person, countenance, air and umbrella, cried out delightedly, "Here we are then! and glad enough I am of it, if it be only to get out of sight of this horrid, ill-behaved, ugly, old bore! Now, Mary, give me Baby again; and you and Mr. D—— get the children out, and the baskets, as fast as possible. Make haste, darlings; out with you! Never mind the man's legs, nor his vile old cotton umbrella. If he can't keep them to himself, instead of making a nuisance of them, I'm sure I don't care if you tumble against them, and break them all three!"

Out the party all tumbled, were stowed in a cab, and conveyed to their inn, where, to the horror of Mrs. D——, the first person she saw, on alighting, was the discourteous stranger whom she had been reviling in mingled merriment and anger all the way, and whom she heard addressed, by the people standing in the entrance-hall of the hotel, as Mr. ——, the American Minister there resident!

Next morning, Mrs. D—— received the Minister's card, with a polite message, expressing that functionary's hope that "she was fully recovered from the effects of her journey."

"Now," remarked Mrs. D——, when recounting the adventure with a richness of humor that made her hearers laugh till their sides ached, "I cannot say that I think Mr. —— got a bit more from me than he deserved, for his bearish behavior; still, I confess I did feel rather foolish when I found who he was, and remembered how I had quizzed his legs and his umbrella; and at all events, it will be a warning to me another time, not to conclude that a man, however disagreeable, must necessarily be ignorant of English, because I happen to meet him in a foreign land!"

QUANTUM.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

The following interesting article shows the bearing of the discoveries at Nineveh on the teachings of the Bible:—

The discoveries of Layard, at Nineveh, though curious and instructive in all respects, are most important from the light they throw on Scripture. In reading the narrative of the bold explorer, we seem to be transported back to the days of the Hebrew prophet, for substantially the same manners and customs prevail in Mesopotamia now as did three thousand years ago. There are still the lodges in the cucumber gardens which Isaiah describes; the oxen still tread out the corn; the vessels of bulrushes may still be seen; and the wild asses of the desert, so poetically alluded to in Job, still watch the traveller from a distance, pause for him to draw near, and then gallop away to the shadowy horizon. To realize the Old Testament, Layard should be read. That ancient portion of the Bible ceases to be the far-off record it has heretofore appeared; light gleams all along its pages; its actors live and move before us; we become ourselves sharers in the story; and the past for the moment, is verified into the present.

The confirmation of the truth of the Scripture derived from the sculptures of Nineveh is not less remarkable. The bas-reliefs on the walls of the palaces, now just restored to light, after being betombed for nearly two thousand years, verify perpetually the Hebrew Bible. There is still to be seen the wild bull in the net mentioned in Isaiah; the Babylonian princes in vermillion, with dyed attire on their heads, described by Ezekiel; and warriors bringing the heads of their enemies in caskets, to cast them down at the palace gates, as was done with the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab. There, too, are painted shields hung on the walls of besieged towns, as we are told by the Jewish prophet he beheld at Tyre. There are the forts built over against the beleaguered city; the King placing his foot on the neck of the captive princes; and the idols of the conquered carried away by victors precisely as described by Hosea, and other sacred authors. There are also the Assyrian gods, still the same as when their portrait was drawn five and twenty centuries ago—cut from the trees of the forest, decked with silver and gold, fastened with nails, and clothed with purple and blue. The very star to which Amos alludes is yet on those palace walls above the horned cap of the idol, though the worshippers have been dead for thousands of years, and though the wild beasts, as predicted, have long made their lairs there.

Even the enormous circumference which Jonah gives to the walls of Nineveh is fully corroborated. The three days journey of the prophet is still required to make the circuit of the great ruins on the east bank of the Tigris—for the people of Mesopotamia built their cities as the Hindoos still construct theirs. First one King erected a palace, around which grew up a town; then a new monarch built one for fresh air on the verge of the open country, whither soon followed another town; and this process was repeated till several contiguous cities were decaying and being erected, all passing, however, under the general name, and covering together an extent of ground which would otherwise be incredible. The light thrown on Scripture, the confirmation afforded to the Bible by these recent discoveries at Nineveh, is so remarkable that it almost seems as if that ancient city, after being buried, had been allowed to be disinterred solely to confound the folly of modern skepticism.

Cousins' Talk.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life." "Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson." "I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was '*declined with thanks*,' once, but I never was refused."—*London Punch.*

☞ Father Taylor, the eccentric and eloquent seaman's preacher, was once asked where he thought Ralph Waldo Emerson would go after death. The witty old man replied, "The dear, good, blessed soul! I don't see in him any evidence of saving faith; but then I don't know what Satan could do with him."—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Rev. Mr. Giles, in a lecture, recently said:—"For himself he rather disbelieved in accumulating riches. Nothing could induce him to be worth a million of dollars. He agreed with the wish which had the endorsement of Scripture, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches;' and, therefore, he would be content with a *quarter* of a million."

☞ "I say, Higgins," said a fellow to that aspiring but as yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city who declared he would give a hundred pounds to see you perform 'Hamlet.'" "You don't say so?" "Fact, I assure you; and, what's more, I'm positively certain that the old chap meant it." "By Jove, then it's a bargain," Higgins cried; "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?" "Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a *blind man.*" Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

☞ "Sir, have you read the ode I composed to Sleep?"

"Oh, yes, and it composed *me* to sleep."

A MUSTANG HUNT.

A Mexican "vaquero," or herdsman attached to the rancho, having brought in word one evening that a large band of mustangs were crossing the prairies northward, preparations were immediately made to attempt a capture. Five young brothers, and raised from childhood on horseback, myself, and two Mexicans, composed the party. Each man was mounted on his own horse, leading, unsaddled, the "mustang catcher," on the speed and endurance of which the success of the chase depends. Riding carefully along by the valleys in order to avoid disclosing ourselves on the swelling ridges of the prairie, and observing the wind, we silently kept on till about two in the morning. The white men then lay down to rest, having previously tied their animals all together, least a neigh should give warning to the wary guardian of the wild horse band, whilst a Mexican was sent in advance, to see if he could discover the herd or trail. At three o'clock he returned, and said that the mustangs were feeding, some three or four miles off. Now came the time for action. Silently we mounted our "mustang catchers," and rode cautiously off till we judged we were close enough. The next operation was one that considerably astonished me. Without a word, the five young Texans and the Mexicans dismounted, and proceeding in the coolest—and at that hour of the morning it was cool and no mistake—possible manner to divest themselves of every garment usually worn by white men, with the exception of their shirts. Shoes and stockings, drawers, jackets, hats, all came off, and this novel hunting costume being assumed, they then took off their saddles, retaining of their equipments only a tremendously powerful bit, and huge Spanish spurs, while the lasso was securely made fast round the horse's neck, the rider holding the coil in the left hand, and the fatal noose in the right. There they were, next thing to naked, riding bare-backed on horses half wild themselves, their shirt tails fluttering in the breeze, rather a stylish party.

For my own part, I preferred to retain my saddle. Two couples were then despatched down the wind, to get round to leeward of the mustangs, and head them off in the direction where we were concealed. By this time, our horses, which are kept exclusively for such work as was on hand, had got rather crazy, and I blessed my stars at my having a good pair of reins and Spanish bit, I can tell you. From the spot on which we stood, we had a view of the mustangs through the trees. So had our horses; it was all we could do to keep them quiet; but there were the mustangs coursing round in all the pride of strength and freedom, with heads, tails and manes tossed high in the air. There, too, was the great black stallion, the leader of the band, which numbered about eighty, raising his head every instant to look around, trotting here and there, the very picture of courage and sagacity, to see that no enemy was approaching his family. Our excitement increased as time wore on; minutes seemed hours as we waited impatiently for the expected signal. We got it soon. The black horse suddenly stopped, his head raised in the air, every hair of his thick flowing mane and tail standing up on end, while he eagerly snuffed the wind. In another second, with a shrill scream, he darted at the mustangs who were feeding a little apart from the band, drove them up at full speed to the main body, and with a fierce neigh, rushed to the front to lead them off. Almost at the same time, about a quarter of a mile in their rear, and on their right flank, our detached parties came thundering over the hill, yelling Indian warwhoops, and swinging their lassos round their heads, like men gone mad, their horses bounding madly through the rough grass and over the broken ground. The manner of throwing the lasso is this: Holding the reins and the lasso in coils in the left hand, the rider grasps in his right the noose, which is about five or six feet in diameter. Swinging this over his head, so as to keep it perfectly open, he singles out his intended game, and when sufficiently near, throws the noose over the animal's head, at the same time letting go the coils in his left hand. The instant he sees that the noose is over the head of the animal, he throws his whole weight upon the bit, bringing the horse he is riding upon his haunches, even at a full gallop. The rope is, of course, tightened with an awful jerk, when the running animal has got to the end of the lasso. The unfortunate mustang falls, as if shot, head over heels, the trained horse meantime holding back for dear life. In a minute or two the mustang rises, seldom offering much resistance, and in a couple of days is the slave of his conqueror. Such is a mustang hunt. Breaking in the mustangs is conducted in primitive style usually adopted in all relations of life and habits on this Far West Frontier. The mustangs having been induced, dragged, brought home somehow, are tied up fast for a couple of days without food or water. Then they are saddled by the simple process of throwing them down. A Spanish bit is forced into their mouths, and the horseman stands astride over them as they lie, fast bound, on the ground. When he gives the word, the ropes are cast off, the affrighted beast starts to his feet, raising the rider as he rises himself. After some terrible plunges and back jumping, away goes horse and rider across the prairie like the wind. The mustang resorts to all manner of dodges to dislodge his rider, dashing under limbs of trees, endeavoring to scrape him off against logs, lying down and rolling on him, rushing in and out of deep ravines, but all to no purpose. In a couple of hours horse and man come back, the horse tamed, and only requiring to be handled to complete his education.—*Life on the Texas Frontier.*

☞ Wanted—a "sewing machine," one about seventeen years old, of dark complexion, and generally considered good-looking.—*Exchange.*

☞ "Husband, I hope you have no objections to my being weighed?" "Certainly, not, my dear; but why do you ask the question?" "Only to ascertain if you will let me have my weigh once."

☞ To prevent fish from smelling in the summer, cut their noses off in the spring.

THE TIRED HOUSEKEEPER:

OR, COUSIN MARY'S DREAM.

"There, the last baby is asleep, and I hope I shall have a chance to breathe," exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, throwing herself into an easy-chair beside the work-table, where her cousin sat reading. "No; I have forgotten William's dressing-gown and slippers." And the tired wife rose with a sigh, and wearily brought these comforts from the closet of an adjoining room. A faint smile of pleasure stole over her features as she wheeled her husband's chair around, placed the slippers just right, and then the dressing gown gracefully across the chair.

"Please, ma'am, will you step here a min't?" called Bridget, from the hall. "What shall we have for breakfast, please?" she asked, as Mrs Hewitt closed the parlor-door behind her.

The poor mistress was so wearied by the cares of the day that she could not, just then, recall the contents of the larder: and a journey to the basement, and sundry orders to Bridget, consumed the next quarter of an hour.

"Mamma, mamma, Minnie wants a drink," called out a little voice from the nursery, just as Mrs. Hewitt again opened the parlor-door.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, "there is no rest for me." Yet she was a tender mother; so she ascended the stairs, gave the child a drink, soothed her to sleep, carefully tucked the bed clothes around all four of the little sleepers, (the elder but ten) and descended noiselessly to the parlor.

The sight of her cousin seated in an arm-chair, by the blazing parlor grate, book in hand effectually destroyed the feeling of happiness which a mother's love was rousing in her heart; and Mrs. Hewitt was not the happy wife and mother, but the mere domestic drudge, toiling her life away for others, all unthanked.

Mrs. Carleton, the cousin guest, was a few years older than Mrs. Hewitt. She was a widow, and childless. Her countenance had an expression of deep sadness, when in repose; but a desire to make others happy, and an abiding sense of the unerring wisdom of her heavenly Father, made her so habitually calm and cheerful, that strangers little dreamed how much sorrow she had known; and even friends were not aware of the effort it sometime cost her to preserve a calm exterior when some trivial circumstance would touch one of the secret springs of memory, and lift the floodgates of sorrow, submerging the soul in grief's bitter waters. Like others, Mrs. Hewitt was deceived, and, unmindful of her own greater blessings, almost envied her gentle cousin her changeful life and abundant leisure.

"How do you like 'The Land and the Book,' cousin, dear?" asked Mrs. Hewitt, once more seating herself at the shaded gaslight, while Mrs. Carleton laid aside her book, and took up her knitting work. "William brought home those volumes when it was first published, more than three months ago, and I have not yet found time to read two chapters; but you know overworked housekeepers have no time they can call their own; I sometimes feel that I am in a state of intellectual starvation. Our means are limited, and we can keep but one servant; so I must be nurse, governess, and chambermaid, besides superintending the kitchen affairs; and with a family of four little ones, I get completely worn out in body and in mind, and as I look in upon you, now and then, during the day, I almost envy you the quiet leisure you enjoy. But I never have a moment for culture, and probably never shall have; it is toil, toil, all day, and even the nights are full of care." Mrs. Hewitt sighed deeply, while dark clouds of discontent and repining rested on her brow.

"You have a kind husband and a pleasant home, Emma," said Mrs. Carleton, gently.

"Yes: but I get so worn out with care and toil, that I sometimes think I will coax William to board for a while, at least till I get rested," replied Mrs. Hewitt.

"Boarding would only bring you less enjoyment and added care," remarked Mrs. Carleton.

"Perhaps so. There is no way for me but to toil on till I die; so I may as well try to be contented." And Mrs. Hewitt sighed again, and bent her head down over her work, to hide the starting tears.

Mrs. Carleton was troubled. She had been pained with frequent expressions of repining and discontent during the few weeks of her visit, and she feared that Mrs. Hewitt was forming a habit which would eventually destroy her happiness, and had been prayerfully seeking to devise some plan to show her cousin her error, without giving offence. Only one remedy had suggested itself; it was a severe one, but she had resolved to try it.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you these few days, Emma," said Mrs. Carleton, gently; "and to-day a way to relieve you from all this care, was suggested to my mind; but I think neither yourself nor your husband would consent to it."

"What is it? do tell me!" asked Mrs. Hewitt, with animation. "William would be as glad as myself, to see me relieved from this burden, and would agree to anything you might propose, I am sure."

"I have my doubts in this instance," replied Mrs. Carleton, with a faint smile; "but perhaps it will do no harm to tell you what came into my mind. If I begin, you must promise not to interrupt me."

"Never fear; I am all attention," said Mrs. Hewitt, playfully.

"I have been a wife and mother," said Mrs. Carleton, and know all the difficulties of your position, and sympathize fully with your feelings of despondency; and to-day, as I sat here in your pleasant parlor, while you were trying to get the baby to sleep, and Charley's little feet would patter up and down stairs, and his little fist would rap, and his little shrill voice call mamma at the nursery door, in spite of all my efforts to quiet and amuse him; then just as baby must have been closing his eyes, Bridget would call, 'Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Hewitt,' frightening the echoes through the long halls. Finding I could do nothing, I sat here thinking, thinking, till I fell into a sort of waking Dream. I thought it was winter; snow lay on the ground, and the chill wind whistled without; but we were warm, and well and happy in this pleasant house. The long winter evenings were passed in reading aloud, and quiet chat, though that piled up work-basket was your ever present companion.

"One night we were roused from sleep by the choking cry and hoarse cough of our baby pet, and when the morning dawned, the little sufferer lay still and cold in death."

"Oh, my precious baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, bursting into tears. "Don't, Mary; pray don't tell any more—I cannot bear it!"

"You promised not to interrupt me. I must go on," said Mrs. Carleton, calmly and resolutely.

"Two weeks of sadness and sorrow had scarcely passed, when Charlie and Minnie both lay scorching with scarlet fever. On the day they were laid beside their baby brother, Emma, the first-born, and only remaining, sickened, and in another short week she too had passed away. How still and lonely the house was then! How few cares were yours, and how you tried to make yourself very busy, that you might not have time to think! that you might live for him, the best beloved, who, more than ever, was your earthly all!

"Winter passed slowly away; the glorious summer time, that season once so joyous, was now gloomy and sad; and then, too, the dearest and the best, was suddenly prostrated by disease, and, after a brief season of suffering, went to his children, and you were alone!—Oh, the terrible agony that rent your heart-strings! words cannot describe it. But you lived, because you must, though life was all dark, all gloom! Your pleasant home passed into the hands of strangers, and you, with all the multitude of warm-hearted, sympathizing friends, with a cordial welcome everywhere, yet with desolated affections and bleeding heart, felt that you were 'alone, all alone, in the wide world!'

"What to you was abundant leisure for improvement? There was no incentive. You tried to be grateful for the love of friends, tried to make others happy, tried to bow submissively to the Father's will; but you were not necessary to the happiness of any, and the sweet voices of the loved and lost were ever echoing along memory's halls sad requiem notes of departed happiness. Emma, dear cousin, thank your heavenly Father that it was all a dream!"

Mrs. Hewitt's convulsive weeping had gradually subsided into deep sobs before Mrs. Carleton finished her narration, and she now sat looking like one who had really been bereaved.

Mrs. Carleton raised the bowed head, and kissed her tenderly. "I did not wish to pain you thus, dear Emma," said she; "but only by death can a wife and mother be released from her many cares and duties. Bear your trials patiently, and be thankful that you have so many dear ones to love, so many sweet motives for exertion."

Just then, Mr. Hewitt's well-known footsteps were heard, and with a loud cry, Mrs. Hewitt sprang into the hall.

"Oh, William, I am so thankful you are at home safe!" she exclaimed, clasping him in her arms, and bursting into tears.

"Why, Emma, what has occurred to disturb you so?" asked her husband, leading her into the parlor. Receiving no reply, he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Carleton.

"I am the occasion of these tears, and perhaps you will blame me," said Mrs. Carleton, "but I feared Emma did not fully appreciate her blessings; if I have done wrong, forgive me. I will leave her to explain;" and taking a lamp, she bade them "good night," and ascended to her chamber. Till a late hour that night they sat side by side, that husband and wife, while she recounted "Cousin Mary's Dream," and fully, and with many tears, confessed her murmurings and repinings under the pressure of her burden of care and labor.

"I cannot lighten the burden of care and responsibility, dear wife," said Mr. Hewitt, tenderly; "but the labor can be done by others. I did not know you were overtaxing yourself so much."

"We cannot afford it," objected the wife; "the burden will not seem so heavy now."

"We will economize in some other direction; your happiness is very dear to me, Emma."

"I know it, William; do forgive me. Yet I did not blame you. I see it all now—my base ingratitude to my heavenly Father; how much I need His forgiveness! I can never sufficiently thank cousin Mary for this painful but useful lesson."

Did not listening angels rejoice, as kneeling at the midnight hour, those parents thanked God, as never before, for their children and their home, and prayed for the continuance of these blessings, and besought Divine grace to enable them to act well their part in life, patiently bearing the daily trials, and thankfully receiving the daily gifts of an indulgent, all-wise Father?

The lesson of that night was not forgotten. A subdued and patient gentleness eminently characterizes Mrs. Hewitt's life, and though she has the cares, anxieties, and trials inseparable from the life of a wife and mother, she experiences the truth of that promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her;" and the ever welcome visits of cousin Mary are not saddened by the fruitless repining of a tired housekeeper.—*Congregational Herald.*

GREAT TRIALS.—Edward Livingston, it is said, having finished his great Code of Louisianian Law, beheld the labor of three persevering years perish in an instant in the flames; Thomas Carlyle, when he had finished the first volume of his French Revolution, had every scrap of it burned through the carelessness of a friend; Mr. Audubon, having wandered and toiled for years to get accurate representations of American birds, found that two Norway rats had in a single night destroyed two hundred of his original drawings, containing the forms of more than a thousand inhabitants of the air. All were gone, except a few bits of gnawed paper, upon which the marauding rascals had reared a family of their young. He went to work again, however, and in less than three years had his portfolio again filled.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

VIII.—BED AND BEDDING.

A few words upon bedsteads and bedding; and principally as regards patients who are entirely, or almost entirely, confined to bed.

Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever—in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding.* The patient has had re introduced into the body the emanations from himself which day after day and week after week saturate his unaired bedding. How can it be otherwise? Look at the ordinary bed in which a patient lies.

If I were looking out for an example in order to show what *not* to do, I should take the specimen of an ordinary bed in a private house: a wooden bedstead, two or even three mattresses piled up to above the height of a table: a valance attached to the frame—nothing but a miracle could ever thoroughly dry or air such a bed and bedding. The patient must inevitably alternate between cold damp after his bed is made, and warm damp before, both saturated with organic matter,† and this from the time the mattresses are put under him till the time they are picked to pieces, if this is ever done.

If you consider that an adult in health exhales by the lungs and skin in the twenty-four hours three pints at least of moisture, loaded with organic matter ready to enter into putrefaction; that in sickness the quantity is often greatly increased, the quality is always more noxious—just ask yourself next where does all this moisture go to? Chiefly into the bedding, because it cannot go anywhere else.—And it stays there; because, except, perhaps, a weekly change of sheets, scarcely any other airing is attempted. A nurse will be careful to fidgetiness about airing the clean sheets from clean damp, but airing the dirty sheets from noxious damp will never even occur to her. Besides this, the most dangerous effluvia we know of are from the excreta of the sick—these are placed, at least temporarily, where they must throw their effluvia into the under side of the bed, and the space under the bed is never aired: it cannot be, with our arrangements. Must not such a bed be always saturated, and be always the means of re-introducing into the system of the unfortunate patient who lies in it, that excrementitious matter to eliminate which from the body nature had expressly appointed the disease?

My heart always sinks within me when I hear the good house-wife, of every class, say, "I assure you the bed has been well slept in," and I can only hope it is not true. What? is the bed already saturated with somebody else's damp before my patient comes to exhale in it his own damp? Has it not had a single chance to be aired? No, not one. "It has been slept in every night."

IRON SPRING BEDSTEADS THE BEST.—The only way of really nursing a real patient is to have an *iron* bedstead, with rhecoline springs, which are permeable by the air up to the very mattress (no vallance, of course), the mattress to be a thin hair one; the bed to be not above 3½ feet wide. If the patient be entirely confined to his bed, there should be *two* such bedsteads; each bed to be "made" with mattress, sheets, blankets, &c., complete—the patient to pass twelve hours in each bed; on no account to carry his sheets with him. The whole of the bedding to be hung up to air for each intermediate twelve hours. Of course there are many cases where this cannot be done at all—many more where only an approach to it can be made. I am indicating the ideal of nursing, and what I have actually had done. But about the kind of bedstead there can be no doubt, whether there be one or two provided.

BED NOT TO BE TOO WIDE.—There is a prejudice in favor of a wide bed—I believe it to be a prejudice. All the refreshment of moving a patient from one side to the other of his bed is far more effectually secured by putting him into a fresh bed; and a patient who is really very ill does not stray far in bed. But it is said there is no room to put a tray down on a narrow bed. No good nurse will ever put a tray on a bed at all. If the patient can turn on his side, he will eat more comfortably from a bedside table; and on no account whatever should a bed ever be higher than a sofa. Otherwise the patient feels himself "out of humanity's reach;" he can get at nothing for himself; he can move nothing for himself. If the patient cannot turn, a table over the bed is a better thing. I need hardly say that a patient's bed should never have its side against the wall. The nurse must be able to get easily to both sides of the bed, and to reach easily every part of the patient without stretching—a thing impossible if the bed be either too wide or too high.

BED NOT TO BE TOO HIGH.—When I see a patient in a room nine or ten feet high upon a bed between four and five feet high, with his head, when he is sitting up in bed, actually within two or three feet of the ceiling, I ask myself, is this expressly planned to produce that peculiarly distressing feeling common to the sick, viz.: as if the walls and ceiling were closing in upon them, and they becoming sandwiches between floor and ceiling, which imagination is not, indeed, here so far from the truth? If over and above this, the window stops short of the ceiling, then the patient's head may literally be raised above the stratum of fresh air, even when the window is open.

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* I once told a "very good nurse" that the way in which her patient's room was kept was quite enough to account for his sleeplessness; and she answered quite good-humoredly she was not at all surprised at it—as if the state of the room were, like the state of the weather, entirely out of her power. Now, in what sense was this woman to be called a "nurse?"

† For the same reason if, after washing a patient, you must put the same night-dress on him again, always give it a preliminary warm at the fire. The night-gown he has worn must be, to a certain extent, damp. It has now got cold from having been off him for a few minutes. The fire will dry and at the same time air it. This is much more important than with clean things.

Can human perversity any farther go, in unmaking the process of restoration which God has made? The fact is, that the heads of sleepers or of sick should never be higher than the throat of the chimney, which ensures their being in the current of best air. And we will not suppose it possible that you have closed your chimney with a chimney-board.

If a bed is higher than a sofa, the difference of the fatigue of getting in and out of bed will just make the difference, very often, to the patient (who can get in and out of bed at all) of being able to take a few minutes' exercise, either in the open air or in another room. It is so very odd that people never think of this, or of how many more times a patient who is in bed for the twenty-four hours is obliged to get in and out of bed than they are, it is to be hoped, get into bed once and out of bed once during the twenty-four hours.

A patient's bed should always be in the lightest spot in the room; and he should be able to see out of window.

I need scarcely say that the old four-post bed with curtains is utterly inadmissible, whether for sick or well. Hospital bedsteads are in many respects very much less objectionable than private ones.

SCROFULA OFTEN A RESULT OF DISPOSITION OF BED CLOTHES.—There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit, and it often happens that the bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from his skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation.

BED SORES.—It may be worth while to remark, that where there is any danger of bedsores, a blanket should never be placed *under* the patient. It retains damp, and acts like a poultice.

HEAVY AND IMPERVIOUS BED CLOTHES.—Never use anything but light Whitney blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy cotton, impervious counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.

NOTE.—One word about pillows. Every weak patient, be his illness what it may, suffers more or less from difficulty in breathing. To take the weight of the body off the poor chest, which is hardly up to its work as it is, ought therefore to be the object of the nurse in arranging his pillows. Now what does she do, and what are the consequences? She piles the pillows one a-top of the other like a wall of bricks. The head is thrown upon the chest, and the shoulders are pushed forward, so as not to allow the lungs room enough to expand. The pillows, in fact, lean upon the patient, and not the patient upon the pillows. It is impossible to give a rule for this, because it must vary with the figure of the patient. And tall patients suffer much more than short ones, because of the *drag* of the long limbs upon the [illegible]. But the object is to support, with the pillows, the back *below* the breathing apparatus, to allow the shoulders to fall back, and to support the head, without throwing it forward. The suffering of dying patients is immensely increased by neglect of these points. And many an invalid, too weak to drag about his pillows himself, slips his book, or anything at hand, behind the lower part of his back to support it.

IX. LIGHT.

LIGHT ESSENTIAL TO BOTH HEALTH AND RECOVERY.—It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air, is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room. And that it is not only light, but direct sun-light they want. I had rather have the power of carrying my patient about after the sun, according to the aspect of the rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. People think the effect is upon the spirits only. This is by no means the case. The sun is not only a painter, but a sculptor. You admit that he does the photograph. Without going into any scientific exposition, we must admit that light has quite as real and tangible effects upon the human body. But this is not all. Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially of direct sunlight, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick room or a bedroom there should never be shutters shut,) and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, of air, *i. e.*, unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease, is all-important.

A very high authority in hospital construction has said that people do not enough consider the difference between wards and dormitories in planning their buildings. But I go farther, and say, that healthy people never remember the difference between *bed*-rooms and *sick*-rooms, in making arrangements for the *sick*. To a sleeper in health it does not signify what the view is from his bed. He ought never to be in it excepting when asleep, and at night. Aspect does not very much signify either (provided the sun reach his bed-room some time in every day, to purify the air), because he ought never to be in his bed-room except during the hours when there is no sun. But the case is exactly reversed with the sick, even should they be as many hours out of their beds as you are in yours, which probably they are not. Therefore that they should be able, without raising themselves or turning in bed, to see out of window from their beds, to see sky and sunlight at least, if you can show them nothing else, I assert to be, if not of the very first importance for recovery, at least something very near it. And you should therefore look to the position of the beds of your sick one of the very first things. If they can see out of two windows instead of one, so much the better. Again, the morning sun and the mid-day sun—the hours when they are quite certain not to be up, are of more importance to them, if a choice must be made, than the afternoon sun. Perhaps you can take them out of bed in the afternoon and set them by the window, where they can see the sun.—But the best rule is, if possible, to give them direct sunlight from the moment he rises till the moment he sets.

Another great difference between the *bed*-room and the *sick*-room is, that the *sleeper* has a very large balance of fresh air to begin with, when he begins the night, if his room has been open all day, as it ought to be; the *sick* man has not, because all day he has been breathing the air in the same room, and dirtying it by the emanations from himself. Far more care is therefore necessary to keep up a constant change of air in the sick room.

It is hardly necessary to add that there are acute cases (particularly a few ophthalmic cases, and diseases where the eye is morbidly sensitive), where a subdued light is necessary. But a dark north room is inadmissible even for these. You can always moderate the light by blinds and curtains.

Heavy, thick, dark window or bed curtains should, however, hardly ever be used for any kind of sick in this country. A light white curtain at the head of the bed is, in general, all that is necessary, and a green blind to the window, to be drawn down only when necessary.

WITHOUT SUNLIGHT, WE DEGENERATE, BODY AND MIND.—One of the greatest observers of human things (not physiological), says, in another language, "Where there is sun there is thought." All physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys, there is cretinism. Where are cellars and the unsunned sides of narrow streets, there is the degeneracy and weakliness of the human race—mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale withering plant and human being into the sun, and, if not too far gone, each will recover health and spirits.

ALMOST ALL PATIENTS LIE WITH THEIR FACES TO THE LIGHT.—It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light; a patient will even complain that it gives him pain "lying on that side." "Then why *do* you lie on that side?" He does not know—but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window. A fashionable physician has recently published in a government report that he always turns his patient's faces from the light. Yes, but nature is stronger than fashionable physicians, and depend upon it she turns the faces back and *towards* such light as she can get. Walk through the wards of a hospital, remember the bed sides of private patients you have seen, and count how many sick you ever saw lying with their faces towards the wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF CHOQUART—THE DUELLIST.—Numerous are the anecdotes, some of them laughable, which are told of Choquart's belligerent humor. One day at the Cafe de Foy, being seated next to an officer of cuirassiers, whose face was hidden by the newspaper he was perusing, Choquart, after having tried in vain to secure the officer's attention, deliberately approached, and, knocking with his knuckles against the shining breastplate of the cuirassier, called out in a loud voice, "Hallo! I say, is anybody inside?" Of course the answer was a curse and a blow on the part of the startled warrior, and a meeting for the next day, which cost poor Choquart the little finger of his left hand, but did not cure him of his love of experiment and fighting. Soon after, being at the Cafe des Mille Colonnes, he perceived his opposite neighbor busy in the perusal of the *Constitutionnel*, a paper to which he always most strongly objected.

"Monsieur," said he, bending across the table, and speaking in a voice trembling with rage, "when you have done with the Charivari—"

"It is the Constitutionnel, monsieur," replied the reader, without looking up.

Choquart pretended not to have heard, and renewed the question,

"Monsieur, when you have done with the Charivari—"

"But, sapristi, monsieur, it is the Constitutionnel, I tell you."

Again did Choquart renew the question, until at length he growled out, unable longer to contain his fury, and tearing the paper from the hands of the astonished stranger,

"So you make me out a liar? I say Charivari, and you answer Constitutionnel. If I tell a lie, we had better fight it out at once."

This time, fighting with pistols, Choquart got hit in the knee, from which he suffered a weakness to the day of his death; and, although constantly reminded of his imprudence by this lameness, and having been likewise soused beneath a pump for fifteen successive mornings by a peaceful sensible individual who refused to fight, and treated him in this manner every time he presented himself before him to call him out, yet he has gone to the grave covered with the scars acquired in this kind of warfare.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.—Said a young lady, who was fashionably educated at boarding-schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength nor elasticity in her frame, "I used to be so feeble that I could not even lift a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and eat a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time, I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are all my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body, and spirit—do I experience a wonderful vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my Catholicon."

☞ Compliments, carried to an extravagant extent become rude offences. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a lock of hair, and taking the whole scalp.

ETIQUETTE OF RIDING.

One of the best hand books issued for the past half century has just been reprinted from the London edition by Messrs. Rudd & Carlton, of New York. Its title is "Habits of Good Society." It has much useful information on the exercise of equitation, which should be known by every lady and gentleman that rides out. We compile some of its hints:

The first thing is to dress suitably. Avoid too fine a dress, such as patent leather boots, and for a coat wear a cutaway instead of a frock. Let the stick or whip be simple, with no gold head or flummery about it. For the country a plain bone handle; for the city a common riding whip, or an ordinary walking stick, mounted simply with silver. In all other respects your dress should be that in which you walk.

A lady's riding suit should consist of a neat hat, round or slouched, with a long sweeping feather on one or both sides. In winter it should be of soft felt; in summer of fine straw. The style institutes the grace, and renders it either a most becoming or a most tawdry feature in the riding dress. The habit should be well fitted to the form, with white collar of fine lawn, with deep cuffs beneath the sleeves, the gauntlet gloves of thick leather, and no ornaments save perhaps a delicately twisted whip. Compactness and utility are the requisites for a riding-dress. There is danger in having too long a skirt in the riding habit; it is apt, not only to alarm the horses, but to entangle, in case of accident, their fair rider.

A lady should never ride alone. The gentleman should assist the lady to her seat in the saddle, after obtaining her consent. The lady should gather up her skirts in her left hand, place herself as close as possible to the horse, with her face towards the animal's head, with the right hand on the pummel. The gentleman should place himself at the horse's shoulder with his face towards the lady, and, stooping a little, place his hand horizontally at a convenient distance from the ground. The lady places her left foot in it, and with a spring, and the gentle aid of the gentleman, she is in her saddle. When seated, the gentleman should offer to put her foot into the stirrup and give her the reins. But Mr. Rarey teaches a gentleman to mount without the use of the stirrup, and on either side of the horse. But this mode is not generally practised. The rule of the road need not be observed in riding as in driving, but the gentleman should always ride *to the right of the lady*, lest you risk crushing her feet. Your own, of course, you must not care about. This rule, long and even now disputed, settles the question which side the lady should ride.

To be a good rider requires confidence. If you have this, ease will soon follow; but without much practice, a rider will always be more or less stiff in his seat. A lady should be careful to sit straight in the middle of the saddle, with her face full towards the horse's head. Whatever the motion of the animal, she should attempt to cling as closely as possible to the saddle. Austrian officers pride themselves on being able to trot a mile with a glass of wine in one hand, and not spill a drop of it. In England, riders rise in trotting, as a relief to themselves and the horse, but this is not done in any other country, save, perhaps, in America. The first rule is to rise, not from the stirrup, but from the knees; the second, to rise as little as possible. A man who "shows daylight" between himself and his saddle is a bad rider. A lady should rise even less than a man, and neither of them should lean over the horse's neck, nor hold the rein with both hands. The etiquette of the road is that when you meet people whom you know on horseback, you have no right to turn and join them, unless invited to do so. If you overtake them, on the other hand, you have a right to ride with them; but if you are not wanted, you will be careful about exercising the privilege.

SAGACITY IN THE DESERT.—The Rev. F. C. Morris, in his Natural History, relates the following anecdote:—The day was hot and the season unfavorable, by reason of the trade winds, so troublesome on the shores of the Mediterranean. After walking several hours in the desert which separates the town of Aigesmortes from Carmegne, we arrived at a plain, where we found, in the midst of a whirlwind, some remains of a shipwreck. Out of three dogs which had followed our guide, only two had accompanied us to this spot. Their black hair attracted the rays of the sun, and the poor creatures, like ourselves, seemed to find the sand too warm to be pleasant. I sat down on a mat, half buried in the sand. One of the dogs quickly conceived the idea of establishing itself near me. It nestled close to a horizontal plank, by way of procuring a little shade; but finding this insufficient, hollowed the sand until it came to the part moistened by the sea, and stretched itself with delight in its fresh and shady bed. There, said I, is an undoubted instance of reason; had it been instinct, every animal of the same species, placed in similar circumstances, would have acted alike. But the other dog, though of the same race, and weary also, did not know what to do; *it writhed in the hot sand.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S TEMPER.—The Duke's bell sounded very violently, and when the servant entered, he was seen standing beside his table. "What have you done with the book I was reading last night? I laid it there—just there!" striking the table with his hand, "and you have taken it away. What have you done with it? "I never saw it, your grace; I never touched it." "But you must have seen it, and you did touch it; where is it?" And then he would get into a towering passion, and walk up and down the room, blaming everybody, till the servant retired. By and by, he would recollect that he had taken it into another room, and left it there: upon which he would ring the bell again, and on the servant showing himself, he would ask some ordinary question. The answer being given, he would reply in a tone of marked kindness, "Thank you, I am much obliged to you." The valet perfectly understood that this was as much as if he had said, "I've done you wrong, pray forgive me." His theory was, that the governing power must never confess itself in the wrong, so he took this way of soothing the feelings of his domestic.—*Gleig.*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.

Dedicated to the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association.

BY MRS. ANNA DACHE.

Much has been said, and much been sung,
In many climes, and many ages,
Of Women's rights, and Women's wrongs,
Of Women's hearts, and Women's tongues—
The Conqueror's meed, the Poet's star,
Her smile has turned the tides of war,
And turned the heads of sages.
And used for good, or used for ill,
Her influence has been potent still.
"A world well lost"—her lovers say,
"For Cleopatra thrown away."
But if, by that bad woman's wiles,
For her false tears, and falser smiles,
A world *was* lost, as legends tell—
When fair beneath the Western sky,
Columbus saw, with prophet eye,
New worlds on Ocean's bosom borne,
While sage and statesmen heard with scorn,
T'was thine with cold Unbelief to cope,
And give the Voyager help and hope,
Dark-eyed, Castilian Isabel!

Down History's centuried records look—
From day when Eve the apple took,
From Sampson, shorn of strength and life;
From Marlborough's heroic Duke,
Controlled by a virago wife;
To Arria's life blood, smiling poured;—
To where, amid the breaker's roar,
Grace Darling's skiff regains the shore,
With rescued lives on board
To Hennebonne's castellated halls,
Saved by the fair De Montfort's holding,
To Chase, upon Tampico's walls
Her country's flag unfolding.
To Sarah Dix, with pious care
Exploring Erenzy's sad retreats—
To those who braved the fatal air
Of Norfolk's fever-poisoned streets.
From Tullia's guilty chariot wheels
Over her murdered father flying,
To where, beneath her woman's veil,
That angel, Florence Nightingale,
The wounded nursed—prayed with the dying.

Hark! does a storm in thunder break?
Does listening earth in terror quake?
Is it the lightning's lurid glare
That reddens thus the twilight air?
Alas!—no heaven-enkindled fire
Ascends from that huge funeral pyre.
No elemental vengeance falls
Upon those down descending walls;
But Ignorance and Avarice, there
The bloody holocaust prepare.
Yet even in that terrific hour,
Pity in Woman's heart has power
To triumph over Fear;
The beam projects—the cord is fast—
But who will dare that peril vast,
The smouldering heap to clear?
Men shuddering, look—and shuddering, pause—
The boldest pales, and backward draws—
When flashing past their wildered eyes,
A Woman to the rescue flies.
"What! are ye men, and stand ye so?—
Can you not follow where I go?"
She grasps the rope, but ready hands
Withhold her steps, and gallant hands
Touched by her words with noble shame,
Rush o'er black gulf and opening flame.*

Turn to Mount Vernon's honored grave—
See, where the Hero's dust reposes,
Where Glory's fadeless laurels wave,
BEAUTY has bound the sod with roses.

Year after year, in halls of state
Grave legislators held debate,
How to secure that funeral mound,
Which makes Mount Vernon holy ground,
The resting place of Hero-Sage,
Mecca of patriot pilgrimage,
The tomb of WASHINGTON.
They talked—they doubted—they proposed—
Year after year in silence closed,
No course decided on;
But Woman's ear a rumor heard,
In Woman's breast an echo stirred,
And to the work she went,
With mind and heart, with tongue and hand—
She thought, she pleaded, and she planned;
Quick through our States the impulse ran—
Not quicker, through a Scottish clan,
The Fiery Cross was sent;
Poet and Patriot—young and old—
To help the CAUSE were bent;
The Speaker's words, the Banker's gold,
Were promptly, freely spent,
And now—secure the laurels bloom,
That shadow the Immortal Tomb!

* This incident occurred at the falling of Pemberton Mills. I regret that I have not been able to ascertain the name of this brave and generous woman. It ought not to be forgotten. A. B.

A CHINAMAN AT HIS ABLUTIONS.—A comparatively small amount of water satisfies him. He never scrubs his floors; for his ablutions, he is content with just as much scalding water as will cover the bottom of a flat brass basin. In this he lays a coarse cotton napkin, with which he sponges his face and hands. In respectable families this process is repeated after the principal meal of the day. Even in the public baths, the shallow stone cistern for washing has only two or three inches depth of water, and this is shared in common by five or ten persons. No Chinaman thinks of washing the whole body more than once a year. On this occasion the dogs also, by immemorial custom, share in the privilege. There is also another reason why the Chinaman does not feel the absence of those deep and cold wells which are so much prized by us, and which we so much miss in his land; he not only abhors the touch, but also the taste of cold water. He never takes a draught of man's original beverage. Tea of some kind, *i. e.*, boiled water with some herb infused, is his drink. I have frequently found on my journeys that a look of incredulity, an expression of surprise, and a close scrutiny of the glass, always followed my act of drinking off a tumbler of cold water. Only the evidence of their senses convinced the bystanders that I was not drinking alcohol. —*Pictures of the Chinese.*

☞ The announcement of the marriage, at Auburn, of Mr. Edward Straw to Miss Eva Smiley, suggests the probability that he tickled her with a proposal, and that she smiled a consent.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY JANE'S DREAM.

Lady Jane Chesney was in her bedroom, preparing to retire to rest. She sat before the looking-glass, and Judith was brushing her hair, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Lady Laura Carlyon.

"Jane," she said, sitting down close to the fire, which was burning brightly, "bring your chair to the warmth; I want a little cosy chat. Judith can go on with your hair, all the same."

Lady Jane had looked astonished to see her.

"How is it that you are not in bed?"

"I don't feel tired; excitement is as good to me as food, and I have had an exciting evening, taking one thing with another. You were right about Clarice."

"Right in what way?" eagerly returned Lady Jane, drawing her seat near to her sister's. "About her marrying that Tom West? Have you questioned Mr. Carlyon?"

"Shall I leave the room, my lady, and come back presently?" inquired Judith, pausing with the brush in her hand.

"No, there's nothing that you may not hear," interposed Lady Laura, answering for her sister. "There's a good deal to puzzle out yet, and I think you may help us, Judith. I have not questioned Mr. Carlyon, Jane, but in—in—" Laura gave a slight cough, as though her throat troubled her—"in rummaging over some of his waste places to-night, I came upon a note—a note written by Clarice."

Involuntarily Lady Jane thought of the scrap of paper, the part of a note written by her, which Laura had "come upon" once before. Laura went on:

"It is written to her husband, that Tom West, and it proves that she came to South Wennock, and that Mr. Carlyon must have attended upon her—only think, Jane, to South Wennock! She must have been visiting at Mrs. Jenkinson's, Judith, for the note is dated from Palace Street."

"How very extraordinary!" ejaculated Lady Jane. "Is this the letter?"

Lady Laura took it out of its envelope, and handed it to her. She read as follows—the handwriting being unmistakably that of her sister Clarice:

"13 Palace Street, South Wennock.
"*Friday Evening, March 10th, 1848.*

"My Dearest Husband:

"You will be surprised to hear of my journey, and that I am safe at South Wennock. I know you will be angry, but I cannot help it, and we will talk over things when we meet. I have asked the people here about a medical man, and they *strongly recommend* one of the Messrs. Grey, but I tell them I would prefer Mr. Carlyon; what do you say? I must ask him to come and see me this evening, for the railway omnibus shook me dreadfully, and I feel anything but well. *I know he will come, and without delay.*

"It was unreasonable of you, my darling husband, to wish me to be ill so far away; I felt that I could not; that I should have died; and that's why I have disobeyed you; I can go back again when all's well over, if things still turn out crossly for the avowal of our marriage. No harm can come of it, for I have not given our name, and you must ask for me by the one you and Mr. West were so fond of calling me in sport.

"Lose no time; be here in half-an-hour, if you can, for I do feel really ill; and believe me,

"Ever your loving wife,
"CLARICE."

Lady Jane had read the note aloud, and Judith had not failed to listen. It had a curious effect upon her; she paused in her employment, the brush held up in one hand, the comb in the other, while her mouth and eyes stood open. "I have heard that note, or part of it, before," was on the tip of her tongue; but some feeling prompted her to stop the words ere they were spoken.

Lady Jane pondered over the note, now reading bits of it over again, now considering.

"It is incomprehensible to me," she at length exclaimed, drawing the envelope from Laura, and looking at it. "Why, this is addressed to Mr. Carlyon!" she burst forth.

"It must have come into his possession in some way; perhaps he and Tom West got their envelopes and letters mixed together," composedly returned Laura. "That it is written to Tom West there is no doubt; you see she calls him her husband twice in it, and alludes to their marriage. Judith, what on earth's the matter with you?"

Judith was looking faint; she held on by the back of her mistress's chair, to support herself, and as Lady Laura spoke, she dropped the brush.

"Sit down, Judith," said Lady Jane, kindly; "come to the fire."

"Thank you, my lady; I feel a little sick; it will pass directly."

"She must have come to South Wennock without her husband's consent," resumed Laura, tossing a bottle of smelling-salts into Judith's lap, "and have gone to his relation's, old Mrs. Jenkinson's; the date proves that.—Her number is 13, is it not, Judith?"

"No, my lady, it is 14," replied Judith, in a low tone.

"Oh, well, a mistake's readily made in a strange number. Clarice must have—"

"Laura, I am all at sea," interrupted Lady Jane. "Why should she have come to South Wennock at all, unless she came with him?—This note would seem to imply that he lived at South Wennock, but—he never lived here, did he, Judith?"

"Who, my lady?" returned Judith, starting from a reverie.

"Mr. Tom West."

"No, he never lived here. Mrs. Jenkinson was his aunt, and he used to come down for a few days at a time. That was all, my lady."

"Then why should Clarice have risked his displeasure to follow him?" Jane repeated to her sister. "And why have concealed her name, as his wife? Did you ever hear of a lady, visiting at Mrs. Jenkinson's, who had anything to do with him, Judith?"

"No, never," was Judith's reply; but the girl looked remarkably uneasy. Did she fear being asked questions which she could not answer?

"It could not have been Tom West that she married!" uttered Lady Jane. "This note is dated March, and he sailed for India in February."

"My lady," spoke up Judith, rallying her courage, "Margaret ran up at dusk, to-night, to inquire how Lady Lucy was going on, and I took the opportunity of asking her whether Mr. West's name was Thomas. She says it was not Thomas, but Robert; and she also says he has been married several years, and lives somewhere in Gloucestershire."

"Then that disposes of the affair," cried Lady Laura, with wondering eyes. "How much difficulty it appears to be encompassed with!"

"It does not quite dispose of it," said her sister. "This Robert West may have been a brother of Thomas's. If she did not marry a West, what should bring her down at Mrs. Jenkinson's? There is only one thing to do now."

"What is that?" asked Laura.

"To inquire of Mr. Carlyon. He can no doubt set many doubtful points at rest. Even if he were not privy to the marriage, he must have attended her here, and can tell what name she went by."

"I wonder what illness he attended her for?" cried Laura.

"Her confinement, of course. Consult the letter. It is not impossible but she may be Robert West's wife at this present time. Was he a surgeon, Judith?"

"He wasn't anything, my lady; he was independent. It's thought that most of Mrs. Jenkinson's money will go to him. She's getting on for eighty now."

Lady Jane appeared restless and uneasy.

"Laura, I do feel very anxious," she exclaimed, after revolving matters in her mind, "and should be all the better for being at some certainty before I sleep; or make an attempt at sleeping. Is it too late, think you, for me to see Mr. Carlyon."

"Not at all. It is barely half-past ten, and he will be up for an hour yet. Do you know whether he is at home, Judith?"

"Mr. Carlyon was in the dining-room, when I came by it, my lady."

Lady Jane caused her hair to be smoothed under one of her plain-net morning caps, slipped off her dressing-gown, and proceeded to the dining-parlor. His labors for the day over, Mr. Carlyon was stretched, in his slippers, in his easy-chair before the fire, solacing himself with a cigar, which, as a visiting medical man, he only ventured upon late at night. He threw it into the fire, with a word of apology, when he saw Lady Jane.

"Pardon me, for disturbing you at this hour," she said, taking the chair he offered, "but I am in great want of some information which I think you can afford me—very anxious about it, in short. Some years ago you were intimate with a family in Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, of the name of West. Can you tell me whether Tom West married my sister?"

No pen could adequately describe Mr. Carlyon's countenance. It was one sheet of blank consternation; first—as it appeared—at being charged with having known the Wests, next at being questioned about Lady Jane's sister.

"I can't tell anything about it," he stammered.

"I hope you can, Mr. Carlyon; perhaps I have not been sufficiently explicit. You were a friend of Tom West's, were you not?"

"I certainly knew him," he replied, after a pause. "Not much; he went out to India, and died."

"Not much!" repeated Lady Jane; "Mrs. West told me you were there frequently. You used to see her cousins there, and my sister. We have a suspicion that my sister married one of the Wests, if not Thomas West, a relative; were you cognisant of it?"

The same blank look reigned paramount in Mr. Carlyon's face.

"I really do not understand you, Lady Jane. I never saw a sister of yours at Mrs. West's. What sister?"

"You saw Miss Beauchamp?"

He suddenly rose, and seizing hold of the poker, began knocking the fire about.

"Well?" said he.

"I speak of Miss Beauchamp. She was my sister."

He turned sharply round, poker in hand.

"Miss Beauchamp! What farce is it that you wish to play me, Lady Jane?"

"No farce," said Lady Jane, sadly: "she dropped our name when she went out as governess, not to disgrace it, retaining only that of Beauchamp. She was our own sister, Clarice Beauchamp Chesney."

The livid look, seen once or twice before on Mr. Carlyon's face, disfigured it now, but he kept it turned from Lady Jane.

"We know that she married," proceeded Lady Jane; "so far we have ascertained; and we believe that she married a West; Thomas West we thought at first, but I incline now to believe it must have been a relative, probably a brother; Robert West. Did you know him?"

"Who?" sharply asked Mr. Carlyon.

"Robert West."

"Tom West had no brother Robert, or any relative of that name. I never knew any one bearing it."

"What name did my sister go by when she was here, at South Wennock?" continued Lady Jane. "You can tell that."

"She never was at South Wennock."

"Mr. Carlyon! she was, and you must know it. She sent for you, did she not, to attend her the night she arrived: sent for you to Palace street?"

Down clattered the poker, for Mr. Carlyon's shaking hands could not hold it. Lady Jane feared he was taken ill, and rose to look at his face. Of all the livid faces she ever saw, that was the worst. He flung himself into a chair, and wiped the drops from his brow.

"Have my questions caused this emotion, Mr. Carlyon?—is there anything in the remembrance of these things unpleasant to you? Or are you ill?"

A half-defiant look replaced the fear on his face: a look as if he resolved to brave out whatever it might be that was affecting him.

"I know nothing of your sister; nothing whatever. Why should you ask me?"

The precise why and wherefore Lady Jane could not answer, for she had given a hasty promise to Laura not to speak of the note the latter had produced.

"When my sister came to South Wennock to stay with old Mrs. Jenkinson, we have reason to believe that you attended her. I want to know by what name she then went."

Again, astonishment appeared to be the portion of Mr. Carlyon.

"I protest, Lady Jane, you are asking me what I know nothing of. I never was inside Mrs. Jenkinson's house in my life. John Grey attends there."

"Clarice would not have the Greys; Clarice preferred you: and Clarice was there. Was she not confined in Palace street?"

He wiped the drops from his brow again.

"What mistake you are laboring under, I cannot tell. I know nothing of what you are asking me: I know nothing of your sister, or her health, or her movements: and I know as little of Mrs. Jenkinson."

Lady Jane regarded him attentively.

"Do you know who it was my sister married?"

"No!" burst forth Mr. Carlyon. "I do not know anything about her. I don't know what you mean, Lady Jane. Miss Beauchamp was the Wests' governess; she was not mine."

Lady Jane saw that he would say no more.

"You appear to me to shun the subject purposely, Mr. Carlyon," she said, as she prepared to withdraw; "and what your motive may be, I know not. I, on the contrary, intend to investigate it by every means in my power: I have, for some time past, had a suspicion that that unfortunate child at Tupper's cottage is my sister's," she added, with agitation: "but whether she herself be alive or dead, I cannot learn."

She moved to the door, and Mr. Carlyon held it open for her, and bowed her out. She turned back to take a last look at his ghastly face.

"Well?" cried Laura, impatiently, "what have you learnt?"

"Nothing," answered Lady Jane.

"Nothing!" repeated Laura. "Where was the use of my waiting in your room, then, to hear the news? Does Mr. Carlyon know nothing?"

"Laura, my belief is, that he knows a great deal: that he knows all. He was much troubled, much agitated: and I can only account for it in one way—that he is, or was, in the confidence of young West, and is afraid to betray it."

"Did he attend Clarice at Mrs. Jenkinson's?"

"He says not: he says he never was inside Mrs. Jenkinson's house in his life. I shall go [illegible] lady's to-morrow, and question her."

"Did he ever know Clarice?"

"As Miss Beauchamp; not as Clarice Chesney. I believe he spoke truth there. Could I have shown the note you produced to-night, or even have spoken of it, it would have been far more satisfactory."

"Ah, but that would not do, at any price," laughed Laura. "I fetched it out of one of his hiding places."

"Do not be so careless," rebuked Lady Jane, alluding to Laura's manner: "how can you laugh at this moment? I feel as if some heavy secret were on the point of discovery."

Laura opened her eyes.

"What secret?"

"How can I tell? I wish I could tell. If it were all straight and fair, why should Mr. Carlyon betray agitation, and refuse to answer? A horrible doubt is growing upon me, Laura: whether those young Wests can have deceived Clarice into a marriage which would not, or did not, hold good—and Mr. Carlyon the confidant of their plans!"

"Do you suppose Mr. Carlyon would sully himself by anything so cruel and disgraceful?" flashed Laura. "He has his own faults, but he would not lend himself to a business of that sort."

"Men think a poor friendless governess legitimate game sometimes," spoke Lady Jane in a low tone. "And she was only known as the unprotected girl, Clarice Beauchamp. Judith," she added, turning round to the woman, who stood behind, by the dressing-table, "your sister has lived—how many years, with Mrs. Jenkinson?"

"Going on for twenty now, my lady."

"Then, whatever may have happened there, she will be acquainted with it. Oh, Laura, I cannot tell you how uneasy I am."

"You may depend upon it that if Mr. Carlyon says he knows nothing, he does know nothing," spoke Laura: "he could have no motive whatever in concealing it, if he did."

"You may depend that he knows all," returned Lady Jane, in a sharp tone of galling pain. "Those Wests have wrought Clarice ill in some way, and he is mixed up with it. Do you remember, Laura, my telling you of a dream I had, relating to Clarice? Well—though I would not say it before—Mr. Carlyon was mixed up with all the horror of that dream."

"What was it? Tell it me now," whispered Laura, in an awestruck tone: for, however it pleased Laura, in general, to ridicule dreams, and disbelieve that they had, or could have, any meaning, the night hour and Jane's vague dread had changed her mood for the time. Judith, not caring to be solitary at a dream-telling, drew near and stood close behind Lady Jane.

"It was on Monday night the thirteenth of March," began Lady Jane, with a shiver, "and quite the beginning of Lent, for Easter was very late that year—"

"What has Easter to do with it?" interrupted Laura.

"Nothing. I had gone to bed that evening as soon as tea was over, not being well, and by half-past nine was asleep. I thought that Clarice came to my bed-side, dressed in her grave clothes, and stood looking at me. Understand me, Laura—I remembered in my dream, that I had gone to bed ill; I seemed to know that I was lying in bed, and that I was sleeping. I dreamt that Clarice came, I say, and I dreamt that I awoke; her attire, the shroud, did not appear to frighten me, but she did not speak. 'Why have you come here?' I asked. 'To tell you that I am gone,' she answered, and she pointed to her face, which was that of the dead, and to the shroud; but it did not appear that I associated her words with death, (at least, I could not remember so when I awoke,) but that she had gone on a journey. 'Why did you go without telling us?' I asked her. 'He stopped it,' she answered, 'he was too quick.' 'Who?' I asked, and she turned her white face round and pointed to the door of the room. I cannot describe to you, Laura, the horror, the fear, that at that movement seemed to take possession of me. 'Come and see him,' Clarice said, and glided towards the door. I seemed to get out of bed, to follow her, without power of resistance; she kept looking over her shoulder, with her dead face and her dead, fixed eyes, and beckoning to me. But oh! the dread, the fear I seemed to experience at having to look beyond that door! it was a dread perfectly unearthly, such as we can never feel in life. I thought Clarice went out before me, went out in obedience to one who was compelling her to go, as she was compelling me. It seemed that I would have given my own life not to look, but yet I had no thought of resistance. There, standing outside, and waiting for her, was—"

"A—h!" shrieked Laura, her nerves strung beyond their tension with the superstitious terror induced by the recital. "Look at Judith!"

Lady Jane started, seized hold of Laura for companionship, the interruption having startled her beyond self-control, and turned to regard Judith. Not the white face of the corpse in her dream was more ghastly. Judith shook herself, and stammered forth an excuse.

"I am not ill, my lady; but it *frightens* me to hear these sort of dreams."

They drew nearer together, all three, and Lady Jane went on.

"Standing outside, waiting for her, was the person she seemed to have spoken of as stopping her from telling us, as being 'too quick.' It was Mr. Carlyon. He was looking at her sternly, and pointing with his stretched-out hand to some place in the distance where it was dark. I remember no more; I awoke with the terror, the horror—such horror that I tell you, Laura, we can never experience in life, except in a dream. And yet I was collected enough not to scream; papa was just getting better from his attack of gout, and I did not dare raise the house, and alarm him. I put my head under the bed-clothes, and I believe a full hour passed before I had courage to put it out again; there I lay, shivering and shaking, bathed in perspiration. Was it not a singular dream?"

"Very," said Laura. "But it could have had no meaning."

"I argued that, to myself. Clarice was at a distance, in London, as we supposed her, and Mr. Carlyon was at South Wennock, and that very evening, as late as half-past seven, he had been at our house with papa. This dream of mine took place before ten, for I heard the clock strike after I awoke. I did not like Mr. Carlyon previously; we do take likes and dislikes; but it is impossible to tell you how very much that dream set me against him; unjustly you will say; but we cannot help these things. He was, ever after, associated in my mind with terror, with dread; and I had rather have seen you marry any one else in the world. This night, for the first time, I begin to think that the dream had a meaning, for Clarice must have been at South Wennock; that note of hers was dated the tenth, the previous Friday."

"How absurd, Jane! What meaning?"

"I cannot conjecture; unless, as I say, those Wests brought any ill on Clarice, and Mr. Carlyon was privy to it."

"Your having seen him that evening, and your feverish state—for, long as it is ago, I remember how feverish and ill you were that night—induced the dream. Perhaps, also, you had been thinking of Clarice."

Lady Laura retired, and Lady Jane sat musing over the fire. Judith, meanwhile, seemed to be fumbling at the body of her own dress in the back ground, and finally produced from it a small bag of leather, little larger than a shilling.

"Judith," suddenly called out her mistress, "is old Mrs. Jenkinson well enough to receive visitors? You shall go the first thing in the morning, and ascertain what time she will see me."

"It will be of no use seeing Mrs. Jenkinson—as I believe, my lady," replied Judith, stepping forward, and speaking with agitation. "Did your ladyship ever see this?"

She took a trinket out of the bag, and laid it in Lady Jane's hand. An elegant little locket, the back of blue enamel, the rim set round with pearls, with a short fine gold chain, some three inches in length, attached to it on either side. Lady Jane needed to cast but one glance at it.

"Oh, Judith!" she uttered, "where did you get this? It belongs to Lady Clarice."

"It *did* belong to her," returned Judith, in a low tone. "My lady, I can tell you what became of her, I think—but the tale is full of horror; one that you will find hard to bear."

"Tell it," murmured Lady Jane, "whatever it may be."

"That poor lady—who died the very night of your dream—died from poison at Mrs. Gould's, in Palace street—she was—"

"Not my sister! not Clarice Chesney!" panted Lady Jane.

"I truly believe her to have been so," groaned Judith. "She gave me that locket while she lay ill there, and told me it was her own hair inside."

Judith ceased, for Lady Jane had sunk down upon her knees and was clinging to her for support; as she had once before clung to her on the stairs in her father's town house, the evening he brought home his unwelcome bride. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PRAIRIE STORY.

The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, in his notes on Western travel, now being published in the *London Field*, gives the following as one of the stories told him at St. Louis:—

After a great many consultations in Mr. Campbell's counting-house, with several persons supposed to be conversant with prairie life, I soon began to see that veracity was very far from being an object of veneration, and that if any man had been as far across the desert as the Rocky Mountains, it was impossible to believe a word he said. Either the climate of those wild hills, or the fact that when a man quitted the frontier settlements he left all observers behind, so inflamed or enlarged his imagination that the action of the hour was forgotten in the mists of mental reflection, and the traveller became a visionary instead of a verity to be relied on. From one of these gentlemen I had been in the habit of taking advice, when all that he had told me was considerably shaken by the following story he was very fond of telling.

He was out on the plains in winter time, and by some accident severed from his party; night came on, and with it the most intense frost, and he found his vital energies failing, and saw nothing, until a bison came to his assistance, but destruction staring him in the face. The friendly bison approached without any idea in his shaggy head half so extensive or comfortable as pertained to the uses to which he was presently to be put; and my adviser, with just strength enough left in him to level his rifle, numbed fingers and all, was lucky enough to hit the bison just through the heart, and drop him dead conveniently for future operation. Having refreshed himself with a bit of warm raw flesh, my adviser then cut the bison open, and took out the entrails; and as it was just getting dark, to save his life from the intense frost, he replaced the entrails with his own body, and crept into the carcase of the animal with his head towards the tail, and his feet pushed up his windpipe, the skin, when it had been divided, permitted to fall as a curtain to the ground. Here he revelled in animal heat, not in the least incommoded by that enormous quantity of blood and moisture which I have since seen contained in the carcase of an animal of this size, and at last fell asleep. How long he continued in comfortable oblivion he is not quite sure, always desirous of being exact, but he awoke with a sensation of cold, and found that every limb save his hands, which he had fortunately kept folded under his chin, were not only benumbed, but the blood and moisture had become a frame of ice, and the severed skin of the animal itself had frozen firmly and immovably to the ground. Thus, then, he was iced for the rest of his life—a sort of forced meat, in fact, in the bovine "rissole" which surrounded him, with no white-capped and aproned cook *to deliver the buffalo of his despairing burthen. Simultaneously with his awakening* from his sleep, however, he had been aware of a strange noise outside the frozen case which compassed him; so, with ears sharpened by necessity, he endeavored to discover the cause. The external rattling and scratching continued, till slight openings admitted a gleam of the *intensely cold morning moon, when through* the crevices he could plainly distinguish the gnawing, crunching of bones, snarling and fighting of a large drove of wolves. Here, then, was a Scylla to the Charybdis which already contained him, and a more active or pending dissolution was thus fearfully around; for, sportsman as he was, he well knew that there was always an immense and hasty scramble among animals of prey for the choice intestines of a body. Bold, not with brandy, but whiskey (for he at once and on the moment emptied his flask), and desperate with distress, he resolved on action, and abided time; and here, again, in this his dreadful hour of need, his knowledge of sport and the habits of wolves did not desert him. He recollected that the easiest portion of a bison's frame, by which for a wolf to gain a hold of the intestines, was from beneath the tail; so he awaited the result, and kept his hands in readiness. All at once, with eagerness only parallel to his hunger, an immense old master wolf rent the flanks asunder sufficiently to thrust his head and shoulders into the bison, in search of, to him, a delicious reward. The wolf's horror, however, at once may be conceived when my friend as suddenly seized him on either cheek, and clung to the head of his deliverer for dear life. So surprised at this unwonted reception was the beast, that he yelled with terror, while, with all the strength of his back and haunches, aided by his fore feet, he contrived to withdraw, pulling the appendage along with him. The result of the yells of the master wolf, as well as his great strength, were alike favorable to my friend; the former so frightened the rest of the wolves, that they fled away, and the latter brought my friend forth of his "lodging on the cold ground," and rendered him up to the grey dawn of the coming morn. And what became of the delivering wolf? "I let him go, sir. Yes, sir, as soon as he pulled me out of the carcase of the buffalo, I let him go! and he fled after his scared companions. Yes, sir, that's a fact!"

I recount this "tale as it was told to me;" and, in justice to my friend, I must say that I fully believe that he has told the story himself so often that he is convinced of the truth of it; that, however, is nothing to me, further than it, at the time, raised a fear that the rest of the intelligence, propounded for my future guidance, might have been of the same substance as the story I have just narrated.

THE PARROT.—A legal gentleman in New York, who is unfortunately afflicted with an impediment in his speech, a few days since had his attention attracted by the stock in trade of a bird dealer, doing business on the sidewalk in Nassau street.

"Do-do-do-es tha-that that p-p-p-pa-parrot talk?"

"Talk!" was the indignant rejoinder; "if he couldn't talk better than you, I'd wring his neck for him!"

The lawyer did not stop to trade.

☞ Take not too much pride in mere manners. The finest dandy is not better at a bow than a puppy is at a bow-wow.

GADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How Aunty Scranton "Ketched" Her Husband.

"How did I come to ketch yer par?" That's a kuris question, Sook, but I s'pose *I* can answer it about as well as anybody. But if I tell ye, Sook, don't ye never let on to anybody, 'specially to yer par about it; 'cause, if he knowed to this day jest how it was, he'd be madder'n fury. I always managed to keep right side o' yer par. Ye see, I know jest where his weak pints is—I know jest how to take him. When he gets owly—you know he's awful owly sometimes; when he gets owly, I jest keep calm till the storm blows over—no use in thunderin' agin *him*, you know.

Wall, I was a goin' to tell you how I ketched him. You see your par was the only son of one o' the fust settlers that went up country, an' took up wild land, an' squat on it, an' improved it, an' made himself rich without doin' nothin' as you may say.

Now, as a matter o' course, the second or third generation generally comes back to where their fathers afore 'em went from, whether it's out of a nat'ral born love of the good old down east States, or, whether it's out of a burnin' cur'osity to know whether all the old folks says about em's really so, or what it is I can't say; but, sure as rates, the second or third generation is always a migratin' easterd, an' takin' a new start where their fathers started afore 'em.

Wall, as I was a sayin', yer par come down country to see the folks he learn his father tell on, an' visit the old homestid, an' eat o' the fruit that growed on the trees his grandfather planted years afore.

Accordin' to course, it got noised abroad immeg'itly that old rich farmer Scranton's only son Bennydad, was in the neighborhood, an' more'n all that, that he *was* jest the likeliest chap a trottin'. So, thinks me, I'll jest set my cap for that air Bennydad Scranton, see if I don't.

Now it's true—yer par don't know it though—that I *was* engaged to be married to Sampson Whipple, him that posted his wife last year, good for nothing beast that she is—an' the weddin' day was cenajest set, that is, we had agreed it should be some time the follerin' Febuwary, somers nigh Voluntowne's day. That was a romantic rumination of Sampson's; he was a mighty milk-an'-watery, moonshiny sort of chap; though to be sure I thought I liked him well enough, till I learn tell o' Bennydad, an' what a nice harnsome feller he was, an' what a great whoppin' farm his daddy had, an' nary chick nor child to heir it, 'thout's Bennydad, an' what lots of cows an' horses, an' pigs, an' poultry, an' all sorts of stork they kept, an' how much money his old dad tugged home o' market days, an' so, thinks me that air Bennydad's jest the feller for me, to an ioty.

But then I had reason to think there was somethin' more'n my engagement with Sampson Whipple to stand in the way of my gittin' Bennydad an' his gret farm, for everybody said that he was arter his cousin, Josephine Hetly, that was, an' that that was his main object in comin' down country. Folks used to call Josephine harnsum, tho' I must say *I* never could see none of her harnsomeness. Sich a wishy-washy skin, an' hair as yaller as a dandelion, cenajest, an' eyes that warn't nyther blue nor black, nor nothin' else as I could ever make out. Some said she had golden hair, an' that her eyes looked sweet, yes, *sweet*. That's jest the word they used, though I must say I allways thought *sweet* things was honey, an' sugar, an' 'lasses, an' sich like.

Then they said she was so mild lookin', an' had sich harnsome teeth, but they never looked harnsome to me. She took too much pains to show 'em. It made her look silly, *I* thought.

Now *my* eyes was black an' keen as a weasel's, an' my hair! why, there ain't one gal in ten, now-a-days, that has sich harnsome hair as your own blessed mother, Sook—so long an' even an' scarcely a gray hair in't. An' I don't color it, nyther, like old Dorothy Randall does, an' make it green an' purple an' all sorts of colors. It's nater for it to be jest so. It kinder runs in the family, you see, Sook. There was my mother, an' my grandmother, an' old Aunt Judy, an' lots more I could name, all had sich hair. Yer par says it's all the beauty I ever had about me is my hair, but I 'guess he didn't always think so. Now your hair, Sook, takes arter me in its straitness, an' arter yer par in its color, so it's strait and yaller. That's a pity, but—what did you say, Sook?—you thought I was goin' to tell about ketchin' yer par? So I be a tellin'. Can't you have patience till I finish my story?

Wall, as I was a sayin', folks thought Bennydad Scranton was arter his cousin Josephine, an' there *was* them that said she promised to marry him when she made that fortnight's visit out to her uncle Scranton's the summer afore. 'Twarn't so, but I didn't know it then, an' I'd a'gin boot to have known about them times. I knew that everybody laughed at Josephine about her harnsome cousin arter she made that visit, an' that it made her blush awful.

Now, brother Sam liked Jo, an' so he'n I put our heads together to see what we could do. We made a quiltin' two days arter we heard that Bennydad was down. We never invited only jest sich young folks as we wanted. There was Kizzy Young an' her beau, Bob Dawly. There was the Blacks an' the Browns an' the Whites, an' the Greens, and Squire Hopper's young folks, an'—wall—I can't remunerate 'em all, but we had a good company, an' a reg'lar house warmin', now I tell ye.

Josephine come to the quiltin' as big as life, an' how do you think she come? Why brother Sam went arter her airly in the forenoon, with a special invite from me to come 'an help me lay out the quilt. 'Twar'nt her help I keerd so much about, you know. Bennydad was off shootin', somer's in the neighborhood, or Sam 'd a brought him too. I'd told him he might as well, though I rather guess he was glad to have a chance to ride out alone with Josephine; it helped his plans an' mine, you know.

Now it so happened that fortin favored us completely—Sam an' me. Arter the young folks had been together a spell, there come up a dreadful storm, half rain, half snow, half hail, an' some wind. 'Twas that night that Ed Johnsing skinned his nose agin a post, in the kitching, playin' blind buck an' David. You know how tall an' thin Ed Johnsing always was, and how he's get a monstrous gret nose, that when he's goin' anywhere always gets there afore him. Wall, he was blinded, an' had chased one o' the gals, I b'lieve 'twas Sally Young, Kizzy Young's youngest sister, up into a corner, an' was jest goin to ketch her an' give her a smack, when, whack went his gret eagle beak agin' the post in the corner, an' skinned it from the bridge down. Tell ye, Sook, wan't there a time there for a minute or two! The gal's a snickerin' an' a titterin,' an' some o' the fellers a laughin' ready to split, an' poor Ed a stalkin' away to the sink with the blood a runnin', an' his gal eenamost a cryin' 'cause she pitied him so! Ha! ha! he! I can't help laughin' now to think on't.

I turned the cold shoulder on Sampson Whipple, all the evenin,' an' made him awful mad. How he did look at me once in a while! Wall, he tried to spite me by waitin' on Laura Wait, who I knew dretfully wanted to ketch him; but I could afford to spite him, for I got lots of attention from yer par. Somehow, Sam contrived to keep Josephine pooty much to himself that night, whether 'cause Josephine see that yer par was mighty struck aback by me, or what, I couldn't say. But it was all the better for me. It stormed so that Sam persuaded yer par to stay all night, an' 'twarnt very hard work to persuade him nyther. I always thought he wondered why I didn't ask Josephine to stay too, bein' she'd helped me that day, but that, you see, was jest what I hadn't no mind to do. Sam takled up an' carried her home himself. I expect Bennydad *would* a done it, spite of all, if it hadn't been that Sam brought Josephine, and yer par'd been a visitin' across the road from our 'us that arternoon, an' so walked afoot to our 'us.

Wall, of course, when breakin' up time come, I had to entertain yer par arter the last load went, till Sam come back. Yer par seemed to like to talk about his cousin, an' I'd jest jine right in with him, an' tell him how much I set by her, an' how good-natered she was; but then I'd always end off with a but or an if, jest as if I knowed somethin' about her that warn't jest right, but hated to speak of it.

Yer par at first seemed surprised, an' then he begun to talk o' somethin' else. Wall, I rattled on, an' seemed to amuse him, but bimeby he fetched round to his hateful cousin agin. Says he,

"Cousin Josephine an' you has been intimate friends for years?"

Says I, "Yis; Josephine's a fust-rate, smart, nice gal, an' a gal that I've knowed for nearly all my lifetime; *but*—"

"But what?" says yer par, says he, lookin' up as if he thought there never was nothin' more perfect than his cousin Josephine. It kinder riled me inside, to see him look so, for I'd been a thinkin' that he seemed sort 'a took with me, but now his thoughts seemed to keep wanderin' arter her.

Says he agin—Oh, massy to me, Sook! If there ain't yer par a comin' up the steps this very blessed minute! I can't tell ye no more now. You must wait till some more convenient opportunity, Sook! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW A TOAD UNDRESSES.—A gentleman sent to the New England Farmer an amusing description of "How a Toad Takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend has seen another do the same thing in the same way:—"About the middle of July, I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave, I hoed around him; he appeared sluggish, and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows hard against his sides, and rubbing downwards. He appeared so singular, that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs, his skin began to burst open, straight along his back. 'Now,' said I, 'old fellow, you have done it;' but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took this cast off cuticle forward, between his fore legs, into his mouth, and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath, until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time."

THE TRUTH AT LAST.—In a certain town in the North of England, not long ago, lived (and died) a worthy well-known sculptor and dealer in marble monuments. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard he saw no one but a stolid-looking mason, who was busy chiselling a death's head and cross bones. "Is Mr. Boeson in?" inquired our friend. "Naw," was the monosyllabic answer. "Never mind, I'll look in afterward." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory, and received the same answer. A third time he called, and found the same man still busy with mallet and chisel. "Is Mr. Boeson come in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive. "Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in ain; Mr. Boeson deid!" and again the mallet and the chisel went on as before.

☞ If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand.

ENGLISH YOUNG LADIES.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Visitors from many foreign countries speak with hearty admiration, when they return home, of the young ladies of England; and especially of their bloom and gaiety, as the results of a healthy organization. These admirers, whose impressions reach us by books, or in conversation when we in turn visit them, describe our young maidens as they see them—riding about the country,—possibly viewing the hunt from afar; or walking for hours in the lanes and under the hedgerows, while father or brothers are among the stubbles or the turnips in autumn; or gardening in spring, or attending scenes of rural sport,—perhaps even taking a share in the archery meeting, as well as the flower-show. When the foreigner meets in town his fair rural acquaintance, he sees them with the glow of country air and exercise still upon them; and he adds his testimony to the many which declare that the young daughters of England are the fairest in the world.

This is probably true of a portion of the girlhood of our nation. The young ladies who are met in that London society which is seen by travelled foreigners who write books, and send forth their impressions in conversation, are, for the most part, daughters of country gentlemen, or of the aristocracy. They are young ladies who live in a park in the autumn, and in Belgravia in the spring, and who have horses, and whatever else promotes health and pleasure. They are few in number, however, in comparison with the daughters of our graduated middle-class; and it may be a question whether foreign observers would give an equally favorable report of the health, spirit, and beauty of the daughters of our merchants and tradesmen, our physicians and surgeons, our lawyers, accountants, and manufacturers. Medical men, anxious parents, and observant moralists might indeed say, that, from one cause or another, one seldom sees a family of thoroughly healthy and cheerful young women of the middle-class, unless they are early married, or have to earn their living in some way, not in itself unhealthy. I am compelled to say, after a long life of observation of middle-class life in England, that I believe this allegation to be only too true.

How does it happen? What is the mode of life of girls of the middle class?

Where girls have not full occupation and interest after the close of their school-life (which is crowded with interest of its own,) they grow languid, indolent, irritable, or depressed; dissatisfied with themselves and everybody about them; morbid, in short, in mind and morals, as well as in physical condition. When, again, girls are seen in this morbid condition, the first thing that should occur to parents and physician is, that they may not have enough occupation and interest. Girls have the same need that other people have of a general exercise of the brain, in its physical, intellectual, and moral regions; yet it would seem, by our practice, that we think girls ought to thrive on a very small range of interests, and under the lowest degree of vital exercise.

Let us see how they live in their own homes in London. Let us take for observation the daughters of a silk manufacturer, or a sugar refiner, or a solicitor, or a surgeon. Let them be members of a household where there is neither wealth nor poverty. Let it be a genuine middle-class London household. What has the eldest daughter to do when her school-days are over?

STUDY.

If her mother and she are sensible women, she will vary her occupations, in the first place. The Ladies' Colleges in Harley Street and Bedford Square, now afford an inestimable resource to women who desire to carry on their intellectual improvement beyond the ordinary school range. Every girl who comes home to her father's house intends to go on studying. The mother fits up some little room, or some corner of the dear child's bed-room, or says she shall have the dining-room to herself at certain hours, "for her own pursuits." But it seldom or never comes to anything. No man, woman, or child, can go on long studying, (as it is miscalled) without need; or special aim, and without companionship. There is less and less decision about the daily study; there are more and more interruptions; and, after some months, daughter and mother agree, that, after all, "the duties of society" are more imperative than the obligation to study. Then begins the slipping away of the knowledge obtained at school, and the lowering of the mind to the petty interests of the hour; and it is not long before the neglect of brain exercise and the absence of intellectual stimulus begin to tell upon the health. It is in cases like this, that the Ladies' Colleges are as great a blessing as they can be in training young women to be educators. The stimulus of companionship, the excellent teaching, the atmosphere of activity, the breadth of view laid open by the diversity of subjects, and the broad treatment of them by the professors, render study truly captivating to clever and thoughtful girls, and full of interest to any one who is in any degree worthy of the privilege. The study at home goes on vigorously when it is subsidiary to college work. A kind-hearted parent will be well-pleased to afford his daughter such a pursuit. If he should be disposed to grudge the small expense, it might be well to remind him of the prudence of an expenditure which obviates doctors' fees, and those journeys for health which are rarely wanted by well-occupied young people.

Another profitable result from this college study will be the discovery of the bent of the girl's ability. If she has sufficient ability to do or learn some one thing better than others, she will find it out, and test the degree of the talent, under the searching influence of this second education; and whether she has to work for an independence, sooner or later, or to fill up her life by her own mental resources, it is of vast importance to have, thus early, the means of self knowledge.

Very soon after the opening of these colleges, it was observed that they were doing good in rendering girls independent and courageous, and their parents rational, about the walking habits of the pupils. In six months' time, many who never before would leave home unattended, or cross a square alone, were daily walking considerable distance alone, to and from the college. The steady walk of women bound on some business, is usually a sufficient safeguard in London streets; and women of business seldom or never have anything to tell of adventures in London, any more than in a village street; while the timid young lady, apprehensive of she knows not what, if out in the broad noon of London, may naturally excite observation, and be insecure, because she supposes herself so. It is pleasant to think how many hundreds of girls have walked miles daily in all weathers, with great benefit to health, nerve, and independence, since these colleges were opened.

MUSIC.

Among home-studies, that of music has assumed a foremost place, in London, within a few years. Early in the century, one might hear more or less strumming on the piano in most middle-class houses; but not often what was worthy the name of music. Now, it is said that in the evenings, after shop-closing, all along Whitechapel, Cheapside, and the like, the back-parlors are little concert-rooms, where brothers and sisters play various instruments, or practise part-singing, as pupils of the great popular masters of the day, or members of the Sacred Harmonic, or other societies of a high order. Thus is a new and delightful interest introduced into citizen homes, to the great benefit of the daughters. The singing is good for the chest; but the ideas and emotions created and exercised by the study of good music are more important still.

DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS.

A different kind of occupation from any of these is, in my opinion, no less essential to health of body and mind. Domestic employments of the commonest kind have their own charms to most, and their special value to all women who are properly trained to them. The worst thing about *girls'* schools is, that they put out of sight for the time all housekeeping matters, and break the salutary habit of domestic employment. When a girl comes home to her father's house, she should begin at once upon this chapter of feminine study. When a child, she had probably been allowed and encouraged to help her mother in the store-room and kitchen, as well as with the household needlework. She had probably gone with her mother to the fishmonger's and the greengrocer's. If so, she has now only to brush up her old associations, and set to work at a more advanced point. If not, it is high time she was beginning to learn.

I wish the people of a higher and a lower class, and Americans and other foreigners, could be made to understand how much domestic business is actually transacted by middle-class women in England. I do not like the discredit of the popular notion, that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty, that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will presently be in possession of the keybasket, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby ensuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's, or the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have planned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and therefore, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do everything that she requires to be done; and, as far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a table-cloth has a jagged corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford more or less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.

SEWING.

The sewing is another affair. It is still the curse of girlhood in too large a portion of the middle class. There can hardly be another woman of that class more thoroughly fond of the needle than myself; and few, probably, have done more needlework of all kinds in the course of their lives: yet it is my belief that thousands of parents are actually cruel to their daughters in requiring from them the amount of needlework customary in this and a few other countries.

Fathers and brothers suppose that the women of the household are to set down to make linen for the house and its inhabitants, every day after breakfast, and to stick to the work all day, as the men do to their business. If they knew the strain upon the nerves, and the general unhealthiness of the occupation, when a certain limit of hours is past, they would forbid it as peremptorily as intemperance in stimulating novels. I fear it is still too often the case, that all the girls of a family are seated at the work-table all day long, except when at meals, or when taking a walk; and that no one of them can attempt to steal half-an hour's solitude in her own room without being sent for to join the sewing-party. There may be reading aloud; and this is a great improvement upon perpetual talk; but the need of solitude, and of freedom of occupation, is too often forgotten in households where needlework is assumed to be the whole employment, if not the whole duty of women. I could say much more under this head; but the advent of the sewing machine supersedes much remonstrance and preaching. It will not happily take the needle out of women's hands, because there is much delicate and critical work which it cannot do; but it will soon put an end to the slavery to the needle under which so many English girls grow crooked, and sallow, and nervous, and miserable.

☞ It is easy to exclude the noon-tide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.

☞ An Englishman's lunch: a slice of 'am, six eggs, and a quart of hale.

HOW TO "RAISE THE WIND."

We have a capital plan for "raising the wind," that is, making money easily, which we shall not patent, but throw open for the free use of all our regular paying readers. All others who adopt the plan, are expected to send us in advance "One Dollar" in payment for the secret. Here is the plan:

Go to some distant Western State; select a plot of ground, no matter what its character; buy it at the Government price of $1¼ per acre, or less if "swamp lands;" draw up a map of it, cutting it into city lots; plant yourself at some out-of-the-way Post Office, in an Eastern State (the more out-of-the-way the better for your safety); employ in some adjacent city an unscrupulous Commissioner for the State where your land is located, to sign your deeds; draw up a splendid map of your property, being sure to locate it on one or two railroads, present or *prospective*; print a lot of flaming hand-bills and plausible circulars, showing that your city *must* soon be an immense one, and *each* lot be worth thousands of dollars, and scatter them through the country; in these, offer to *give away* a LOT to each of the first 500 or 1,000 applicants, who sends you simply "One Dollar" to pay the Commissioner's fee for acknowledging the deed; tell them as a reason for thus offering them these lots *free*, that you want them to aid you in directing emigration to the vicinity of the prospective city.

You will find fools enough to snap at the bait, and the dollars will pour in like a hailstorm. (Of course, you need not stop giving away lots, so long as the dollars come; the buyers will think only 500 lots are given away, but you need not tell them to the contrary.) Now, see what a fortune you can make: You buy 3,125 acres, which, at $1¼ per acre, will cost you $3,906, or say $4,000, and this you cut into 50,000 city lots. Your printing of circulars, blank deeds, etc., advertising and postage, will cost about $4,000 more. You will need to pay the Commissioner perhaps $2,000 for signing the deeds. You "*give away*" 50,000 lots, and get back "Commissioner's fees of $1 each," or in all $50,000, making a net profit of $40,000! Is anything more simple?

To prove the feasibility of this enterprise, we have only to say that the thing has been done, and *is now being done*, and will continue to be, until "the fools are all dead," so that no more dollars can be got.

Our readers who are receiving and sending circulars of enterprises like the above to the Agriculturist, will understand its drift.—*"Wise men never buy a pig in a bag."—American Agriculturist.*

☞ Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the Episcopal Palace at Norwich in 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us! bless us! what a multitude of people!" "Oh, my lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged!"

☞ POMPEY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE POTATO.—"Potatoes," said Pompey, a learned darkey, conversing with another gemman of color, "is a barbacious, zoological wegetable, what grows all under ground, 'cept de top, an' dat bear a carniverous flower at de bottom. Potatoes is berry good biled, and den dey am better roasted; but if you can 'teal de lard, de bes way of all is to fry them, because den de potatoes am meat, drink and sleep. Such am de great merits of dis 'ere escurlent!"

☞ How to write well—W-e-l-l.

A BRAVE man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
—*Cowper.*

☞ The moral of the following sonnet to a "chew of terbacker," is self evident:

Poor quid! how melonkoly is thi fait,
All mastikated, chawed, your virchoos gone,
Hurled from a bite, the pavement hard upon.
How fearful was thi fall from hi to lo estait.
Yous wanst a weed, a king the weeds among,
Yure leves ya spred in glory and in pride,
Noing full well that won tha droop and dide,
Thade role a mesel swete benethe a human tang.
Next, in the shape av plug, twixt jaws, ya found a grave,
What swete delites from thee was drawd,
How ya was suckt! and rolled!! and chawd!!!
Yure joose exprest, then hurled upon the pave.
Thi fait is kommon (here kums in the moral av the pome), our friends we ure,
Then cast 'em out to contumely and abuse.

☞ Among the Sunday-school children gathered from the highways of our city at the John Street Church, was a poor little fellow from Fulton street. He couldn't tell his teacher the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged, when he next came to school, to bring it. The next time he appeared, he was asked if he had brought the number. "No, sir," said he; "it is nailed on the door so tight, that I could not get the old thing off!"

☞ An odd clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that, in the course of a week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before. What shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town."

☞ ROUND SHOULDERS.—We see it stated that stoop-shouldered men are on the increase, attributed to wearing shawls—the wearer, in order to keep the article around him, being compelled to "hump" himself by folding his arms upon his breast. We give the information gratuitously to a number of friends who are in the habit of wrapping themselves up in this feminine garment.

☞ "Mr. Johnson, didn't I hear you say, last week, that you always had a five dollar bill at the disposal of a friend?"

"You did, Mr. Sampson."

"I am a little short to-day, and really I should like to borrow it."

"Very happy to accommodate you, Mr. Sampson, but, you see, if I loan it to you, I shall no longer have it at the disposal of a friend."

☞ The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet, is a good-humored face.

LUCY STONE AS MAID AND WIFE.—The New York—lady—correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes as follows of Lucy Stone's appearance, a few weeks ago, at the Cooper Institute:

"It was extremely difficult to make the Lucy Stone of Thursday evening identical with the Lucy Stone of four years ago. The bright cheeks were there, the girlish figure, the musical voice: but the old assurance, the perfect self poise, the rapid, confident, mighty-nancy utterance, were all wanting. She did not seem less earnest, but less assured. She told her old story of woman's legal disability and wrongs, but not in the old demanding and defiant tones. The mother's heart has dissolved to the woman's voice, and what was once pertness is now pathos; what it has lost in vigor it has gained in tenderness. Those who listened to Lucy Stone Blackwell, and to her sister-in-law, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, before their marriage, cannot fail to observe the great change which has come over the public manner of the ladies since that event. Although they still adhere to their pet idea of an oratorical mission, and occasionally leave their homes and their babies to talk on a public platform, they do so in a much more subdued and womanly way than of old. The brothers Blackwell married these ladies with a full knowledge of their strong-minded tendencies. Was it in order to undertake the fascinating task of 'taming' them as did the husband of Shakspeare's 'Shrew?' Antoinette Blackwell has a noble nature, and so burdened is it with the sorrows of humanity, and a sense of its own high mission, that her voice seems broken, and her words came low and slow. While on Thursday evening, here stood 'Lucy,' talking, to be sure, yet blushing and trembling as she never did in that little, ridiculous, impertinent Bloomer that she used to wear."

GREAT TRAVELLING FOR A DOG.—We see it stated as a fact in an English journal, that a greyhound known to the writer, actually travelled *fifty-four* miles in the almost incredibly short space of five hours, and that, too, over a road which he had only traversed once before in his life. The writer says:—

"Not one false step could have been taken; and, allowing that a quarter of an hour only was consumed in his stoppages for water, he had travelled at the rate of eleven miles an hour for five consecutive hours. The dog that performed this wonderful feat recovered in time, and is, I believe, alive and well at this moment, though he could not do the like now-a-days, poor fellow! he's getting old—that is, for a dog."

☞ Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and a happy purchase.—*Balguy.*

THE ITALIAN VOTE.—The vote of Tuscany for annexation to Piedmont is all on one side—For annexation, 366,571; for a separate kingdom, 14,925; cancelled, 4 949.

The returns from the Emilian provinces are *also complete*. The numbers in favor of annexation to Piedmont are as follows:—*The Romagna*, 202,659; Modena, 115 621; Parma, 88,511. The number of votes for a separate kingdom had not yet been announced in these provinces.

Later despatches say that in the Romagna there were only 224 votes in favor of a separate kingdom.

As the Sardinian government declared in advance its acceptance of the result of the voting, a rumor was current that Piedmontese troops would forthwith enter Tuscany. Another rumor was that Prince Humbert, eldest son of the King of Sardinia, would be proposed for the Crown of Tuscany.

Louis Napoleon has declared his intention of annexing Savoy and Nice—allowing, however, the inhabitants to choose by vote between annexation and—a separate kingdom. They will not be allowed to vote in favor of remaining with Piedmont—as it would be *dangerous* for France!

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A few evenings ago a party of spiritualists were assembled at Taunton for the purpose of witnessing the usual phenomena. Directly opposite lived a lady who had recently lost her husband, and in the course of the evening the spirit of the deceased made himself known through the medium. Thinking the widow would like to hold intercourse with her late companion, a deputation was sent to her residence to inform her of the fact and request her attendance. It was rather late, and she had retired for the night. On hearing the knocking at the door she arose and put her head out at a window and inquired what was wanting. On being informed that the spirit of her late husband was awaiting her across the way, she replied that when living he had never been known to visit there, and that as he had got so near she thought he might as well come to his own house and visit her; but as he did not desire to do so, she would leave them to entertain him as best they could. With that she shut the window and left her visitors to return without her.

CURIOUS PECULIARITY OF OYSTER BEDS.—The New Brunswicker says:—

"It is a curious fact, for which naturalists and men of science have as yet been unable to account, that in the Gulf of St. Lawrence along whose shores solid ice forms everywhere, the water does not freeze except in very severe weather. Even then the ice does not become of the same consistence or solidity as in those places where oyster beds are not formed. It is owing to this peculiarity that the inhabitants of the Gulf coast are enabled to discover the exact position of the oysters when the ice first makes, as the water remains unfrozen over the beds, when all around is firm ice. In the latter part of the winter these oyster holes are very dangerous to those who travel on the ice, especially at night or during snow storms; and almost every season we hear of serious accidents from persons driving into them. Oysters are excellent in their way, but we think few persons have a fancy for visiting them in their beds on a stormy winter's night."

FREE NEGROES IN CHARLESTON.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, writing from Charleston, S. C., says:—"The most notable feature in the list of taxpayers of Charleston is the tax on property paid by free persons of color. The number of colored persons taxed is 355, and of these 304 are owners of real estate, while 226 of them own real estate to the amount of $1,000 or more—some of them nearly $50,000 worth. The entire amount owned by the 226 above referred to amounts to $717,495. In addition to this, I may as well inform you that the 355 'persons of color' who are free, own 377 slaves. There is one free 'gentleman of color' still residing, as we are informed, in Charleston, an owner of property, who is honored above any white citizen in the Union in being exempt from taxation; he is the negro, then a slave, who gave the information that led to the discovery of the insurrection of 1822. For his faithful services the corporation granted him his freedom, and the immunity above referred to."

NEWS ITEMS.

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM SNUFF DIPPING.—Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week, in Arkansas, from the effects of snuff dipping. She fell asleep with the "mop" in her mouth, and was found a corpse some hours after. A post-mortem revealed the fact that she had swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicotine, a deadly poison; her lips, cheek, and breast were smeared with the foul stuff, in her dying struggles alone in her room. Before she retired she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice, but she had used it so long that nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

CAPT. DELVIGNE, the first inventor of percussion locks, has had a pension of 6,000 francs conferred upon him by Napoleon III.

RICHARD TAYLOR, son of President Taylor, is one of the delegates to the Charleston Convention from Louisiana. A letter says that he is wealthy, looks very much like his father, and is strongly opposed to Douglas.

"OUT WEST."—In Dixon, Ill., Peter Brandt, aetat 18 years, is husband to Mary ditto, aetat 16 years, and the two are joint proprietors of 22 pounds of boy aetat 6 months—so that if Peter is not one of the Apostles, he can at least claim to be one of the early Fathers.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.—Baron Rothschild, from Paris, arrived in Philadelphia on Monday, and is stopping at the Girard House.

THE DICKENS.—According to a London correspondent of The Leeds Mercury, young Charles Dickens, the son of the great Charles, is going out to India to manage an Indian agency for the firm of Baring Brothers, in which says the correspondent, he has long held a responsible post, having been initiated into the mysteries of the merchant's craft by them. He has also another great friend in the financial world—Miss Burdett Coutts—(his godmother) -who will back him, it is said, in any *pro re* undertakings which he may think it wise to undertake. So, without much speculation, we may anticipate Living, perhaps, to see the great house of Dickens as famous in commerce as it is in literature. Doubtless, his father could, if willing, to add his store, for the current report says he has made £70,000 in the last ten years.

THE young ladies of one of the villages of Jefferson county have adopted a novel method of raising funds for charitable and religious purposes. At a late festival, a bevy of the prettiest girls in the room formed a line, and for a price paid down, permitted the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot.

IMPROVED PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH.—At the Leeds (Eng.) Chamber of Commerce recently, it was stated by the President that a Frenchman had submitted to him a piece of cloth seventy-two inches in width, which he affirmed he could produce at 3s. per yard. The principle was the adoption of a machine which wrapped woollen thread around a cotton thread, and this produced a fabric looking like woollen, but which could be produced at the price named. The machinery is to be tested.

UNIFORM OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES PAGES.—A few of the pages of the House of Representatives, says the Washington Star, have already made their appearance on the floor arrayed in a portion of the uniform which it is proposed to have them all shortly adopt. The uniform is to consist of an entire suit of cadet cloth, with a dark stripe down the pantaloons. This cloth is very serviceable, as well as exceedingly neat in appearance.

THE Lockhaven (Pa.) Watchman records a very remarkable phenomenon. Some months ago, Mr. John Johnson, of that place, had the middle finger of his right hand amputated close to the lower joint joining the hand. The wound soon healed over, and almost immediately a new finger commenced growing from the stump of the old one; and six months from the time the finger was amputated, Mr. Johnson had a new and full grown one in its place, with the exception of the nail, which is just commencing to shoot out.

FOR seducing Miss Christie of St. Mary's, C. W., under circumstances of an aggravated character, Weir, the railroad contractor, has paid $50,000 as a compromise to her friends to avoid prosecution.

THE last lawee held by Queen Victoria has been pronounced "a failure" by the London press.

THE husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length, one of the clergymen of the parish making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die; at last" said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer; and took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! *he went off like a lamb!*"

THE authoress of "Adam Bede" is paying the penalty of sudden greatness, and the "respectable" portion of the community in England are shaking their heads, in anticipation, at her new work, "The Mill on the Floss." The scrutiny to which popular authors are exposed, has placed her name in an equivocal connection with that of the well-known versatile writer, George Henry Lewes, the biographer of Goethe. The vanity of the gentleman is said to have given currency to the rumors on the subject now afloat in London society. I so, he ought to be kicked.

THE proprietors of the three principal hotels, the United States, Union Hall, and Congress Hall, at Saratoga, have agreed not to open their houses this year until the 15th of June, instead of the 1st, as heretofore.

THE House bill authorizing publishers to print on their papers the date when their subscriptions expire, and reducing the postage on town and city drop letters to one cent, has finally passed both Houses of Congress.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.—The School Committee have forbidden the assignment of lessons for study out of school in the Boston school for girls. The city physicians had become convinced of the alarming evils resulting from such studies.

HANDSOME BEQUEST.—Dr. Beck, who was recently killed at Santa Fe, left property valued at $50,000 to $100 000, all of which he bequeathed to Miss Nellie Shoemaker, to whom, it is said, he had been engaged in marriage, as had been his brother, Preston Beck, before his death took place.

REMARKABLE FEAT IN ARCHERY.—At the Leeds Archery-ground, on Saturday last, a feat worthy of a Tell was achieved by the principal officer of the club. During the practice at 100 yards, a sparrow was observed upon the target. Two gentlemen took aim at the intruder, and the arrow of the captain (Mr. Wauchop) passed through the bird's body. The feat is considered one of the most remarkable on record in connection with archery.—*Doncaster (Eng.) Gazette.*

AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.—The last will of a queer old miser, who has just died, is much talked of at Vienna. He cut off all his nearest relatives, and made a very distant one, an extremely handsome young girl, sole heiress of his considerable property. So far there is nothing extraordinary, but there is a condition added to it. The testator was a hunchback, and had a club-foot, which defects probably had obstructed many attempts of his to marry. He has made it, therefore, a condition, *sine qua non*, that the heiress is to get the property only when she marries a man shaped as he was. She is, besides, to live in a convent three months in each year to pray for his soul. The heirs at-law have attacked this odd last will, on the plea that when it was made the testator must evidently have been mad. As there is, however, no equity jurisdiction in Austria they may find their task but an easy one.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN FLORENCE.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, now living in a villa near Florence, writes the following:—"Do you wish to know what it costs to inhabit a villa at Bellosguardo? A friend who has lived here with his family the past six years, in a beautiful old house, that would easily accommodate twenty more persons besides, told me he paid two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the establishment, furnished. Provisions, compared in price to those in the Boston markets, are gratuities, dropped ready cooked on the table daily, for nothing. Listen! Best beef, five cents per pound; best chickens, fourteen cents each. Vegetables enough for a dinner of six persons, five cents. Butter and cream in proportion. A carriage holding four persons costs, all the seats filled, fifty cents an hour. If taken for several hours, much less. I paid ten cents yesterday, for a fresh, bouncing bouquet, in which were roses, mignonette, pinks, hyacinths, anemones, heliotropes and many other varieties. Female servants, faithful and good tempered, happy to be employed, and thankful for a home, can be had in any number among the contadini, for three dollars a month, and think themselves amply paid. A first rate servant commands six dollars per month. Fifty cents a week are not unusual wages for a housemaid, and one excellent old damsel, who has served a family of my acquaintance several years as chief cook and bottle-washer, told me, on her wages being raised to seventy-five cents, that she was living 'in paradise.' In winter, the air is mild, and flowers grow in the open fields all through the season. The nightingales make the spring musical, and the summer time is one long gala day. Not a bad place to live in—certainly not a dear one."

AN INDIAN EMBASSY.—A lone daughter of the forest, named *Nah-nee-bahwe-qua*, which means an upright woman, has arrived in New York en route for England, to appeal to the Queen against the removal of her people, the Ojibwas, from their towns and villages on the northern shores of Lake Huron in Upper Canada. The Ojibwas number about 1,000 souls, have embraced Christianity and become civilized, and have good farms, comfortable houses and pleasant homes, which are about to be taken from them, according to the New York Courier and Enquirer, "by the ruthless hand of power." The fair ambassador of the red men is said to be gifted by nature, highly educated, and a member of the Methodist church.

BLOOD MANURE.—There is a company in London, that manufactures manure from blood. The number of animals slaughtered in that city in 1856, was 321 705, which yielded 802,000 gallons of blood. This is found to be profitable. We practice no such economy of manure in this country. The sewerage of New York, the street dirt, and the drainings of the slaughter houses, are gotten rid of at an expense to that city of something like half a million a year. That is, manure worth a million not only yields no revenue, but costs us five hundred thousand dollars to get it off our hands. The great hog-slaughtering houses of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, go to enrich the Ohio river.

SIR HUGH ROWLEY, of London, is in process of divorcing his wife upon no other charge than her vanity as to the *beauty of her ankles!* Insisting that there was no impropriety in being recognized as a Venus in extremity, she *would* show her extremities! Stepping out of rail cars, into carriages, over puddles, and up door-steps, she hoisted her crinoline accordingly. Sequel not yet made known.

☞ Why is a man who carries a watch invariably behind *in his appointments?* Because *he is always behind his time.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, in n	—	—
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" new	104½	10..
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	7	—
" " coupon	80	—
Allby City 6 pr ct	80	75
" County "	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" "	93½	94
Penn 5 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	93½	—
Ohio "	826	90½
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State, pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	8½	99
N Y City, R 2-5	1½	110
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	141	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	—	51
Mechan ics	25½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	55	55½
Kensington	54	60
Girard	45½	47
Western	—	20
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	27	27½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	45
Pittsburg	55	55½
Kensington	54	60
Girard	45½	47
Western	—	20
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	—
Commonwealth	27	27½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	45
Pittsburg	55	55½
Exchange "	53	—
Kentucky, Ky	150	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	80	—
Planters "	—	100
Gas and Coal Light	181	—
Com & R R Bank,	—	—
Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	1
New Granada	—	1
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	30	—
Southwark and Frankford P. P.	50	51
Bonds	90	—
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R	100	101½
2nd "	90	91
stock	39½	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 864	—	95
stock	—	128
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 3's '44	—	—
" '56	71½	72
stock	21½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	37	40
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Ches Val R R, '70	85½	—
Tow R R '75	—	85
Wil'mo & Elmira 7's 1st mort	60	80
end "	13	35
stock	1	1
Catawissa	0	1
Beaver Meadow stock	50	50
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
8 pr ct loan	64½	65
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	41½
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Mineh'll R R	57½	57½
Har & Lan R R stock	—	—
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock		16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	41½
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Ill nois "	97½	—
Mich can Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	72½	—
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	8½	—
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	52½	52½
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	31½	32
Morris Consol'd	5½	5½
preferred	109½	110
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	24	3
bonds, 1878	30	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 31, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ● par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis
DELAWARE	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	OHIO.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
MAINE.	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
VERMONT.	Solv bks 3½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI.
CONNECTICUT.	Solv bks 1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE
MASSACHUSETTS.	Old bks 1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
VIRGINIA.	Solv bks 3 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis	TEXAS.
DIST OF COLUMBIA	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ to 1½ dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is very little alteration to notice in Flour during the past week, and the market, with a considerable falling off in the receipts, has ruled quiet but steady at previous quoted rates, the sales reaching some 8000 bbls, in lots, at $5,75 for standard superfine, $6@6,25 for common and choice extras, the latter for Lancaster county, $6,25@6,50 for extra family, and $7 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, including about 2500 bbls mostly extra and extra family, on terms kept private.—Some holders are indifferent about realizing at these rates, but the demand, both for export and home use, continues limited, and the trade are buying to a moderate extent only within the above range of prices for superfine, extras and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is unsettled and rather lower, small sales having been made at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands.—Corn Meal is in moderate request only, with a sale of 1000 bbls, a particular brand, to notice, at a price kept private. Penna Meal is offered at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate, but the market, under a limited demand for milling, has ruled quiet, and prices about the same; the sales include some 16,000 bus, in lots, at $1,40 @1,44 for fair to prime Reds, and $1,58@1,65 for White, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is lower, and about 5000 bus Penna sold at 85@88c. Corn has also been unsettled and lower, and some 22,000 bus sold at 70@73c for fair to good and prime Yellow, mostly at 72c afloat, and 64@68c for damaged, including White, part at 72@73c, and part private, closing firm. Oats are better, and all offered, some 12,000 bus, sold at 44@44½c for Southern, and 45c for Penna, part to arrive, including some heavy Barley Oats, at 48c. Barley and Malt remain quiet; small sales of the former are reported at 81@85c, and the latter, Barley Malt, at 90@95c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS generally have ruled dull this week, but with better accounts from most of the neighboring markets, holders at the close are firmer in their views, and the demand is rather more active. Bbld Meats have been taken in a small way only, at $18@18,25 for Mess Pork, $14 for Rump, and $13@16 ₱ bbl for city Mess Beef, the sales being mostly for shipstores. Bacon has been moving off as wanted at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders, equal time. Of Green Meats, some considerable sales are reported at 16c for pickled Hams, 9½@9½c for Sides, and 7½@7½c for Shoulders in salt, on time. Lard—About 500 tcs and 800 kegs prime Western sold in lots at 11½@11½c for the former, cash and time, and 12c ₱ ℔ for the latter. Some country packed sold at 10@11c. Butter continues dull at 10@11c for packed, and 14@18c for Roll, the latter for prime, which is scarce. Cheese is also scarce, and selling at 11½@12½c ₱ ℔. Eggs are steady at 13c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Buyers have come forward slowly, and the market has been very quiet this week, the fine grades, which are comparatively scarce, realizing full prices, but the common qualities are unsettled and lower, the sales comprise about 1000 bales, in lots, at from 10½ to 12c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description, at 11½@12c; the latter for middling fair quality, cash.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce and firm, and all offered, some 50 hhds, sold in lots at $29 for first No 1, at which rate it is wanted. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is not much offering or selling, and we quote good yellow at 36c ₱ ℔.

COAL—Most of the Eastern markets are bare, and there is rather more doing at quotations. The scarcity of vessels, however, has a tendency to limit operations.

COFFEE—There is very little arriving, and the market is nearly bare of most kinds. An invoice of Laguayra has arrived; sales of 800 bags are reported, part to go South, at 14c, on time, which is a further advance. Some small sales of Rio are also reported at 13½@14½c, and Java at 16½c, on the usual credit.

COPPER—There is very little doing. We quote Sheathing at 27@28c, and Yellow Metal at 20@21c, on time, the latter for English.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering or selling, and good Western are quoted at 48c ₱ ℔.

FRUITS have been quiet, but Dried Apples and Peaches are more inquired for, the former at about 6c, and the latter 9@12c for unpared quarters and halves. Green Apples are scarce and high. Cranberries, little or nothing doing.

HEMP—Nothing doing in either foreign or domestic, and the market continues at a stand still.

HIDES are firm; the week of stock taking operations; some 1500 city slaughter sold for export, on terms we did not learn, and about 1200 dry Caracas at 22c, usual credit. The last arrival of Porto Cabello Hides has gone to New York, leaving the market bare.

HOPS move off slowly, at from 13 to 17c ₱ ℔ for Eastern and Western, little or nothing doing in old crop.

IRON—The market has been very quiet this week, but holders are firm in their views, and not disposed to make concessions; the sales include some 2000 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $23 for No 1, $22 for No 2, and $21 for No 3, on time. Scotch Pig is also quiet, and generally held above the views of buyers. Blooms and boiler plates continue dull. In manufactured iron there is also very little doing, orders coming in slowly; prices, however, are unchanged.

LEAD—The market continues firm, and the stock light; sales include some 800 pigs Galena on terms kept private, and 100 pigs Virginia at $5,80 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—The market has been more active this week, and buyers have taken hold freely both for the supply of our own and the Eastern markets, at fully former rates. The receipts are increasing, but good stock continues scarce.

LUMBER—There has been a fair business doing for the season. Sales of white pine boards are reported at $14@17, yellow sap do, $15@16, two feet cypress shingles $13, and long do, at $19 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market closes rather better; sales include about 700 bbls New Orleans at 45@47c, chiefly at the former rate; 180 hhds Cuba mostly at 30@31c for Trinidad, and 200 hhds Porto Rico at 40c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and prices are nominally unchanged.

SEEDS—There is not much Cloverseed offering, but the demand has fallen off, and the sales are confined to small lots, at $3,75@3,87½ for inferior, and $4@4,50 ₱ bus for fair to prime quality; the latter is scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. Some small lots have been taken from second hands at 7c ₱ ℔. Timothy is quiet, and sales of 250 bus are reported at $3,25 ₱ bushel.—Domestic Flaxseed is scarce, and wanted at $1,60 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is more doing in Brandy, and prices continue firm and on the advance, the high views of holders having a tendency to check business. Gins are steady. N E Rum is selling, in lots, at 35@36c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, sales to some extent having been made at 21½@22½c for Penna bbls, 22½@23½c for Western do, 20@21c for Drudge, and 21@22c for hhds, closing at the lowest figures.

SUGARS—The market is very firm, but there is more arriving, and buyers are rather shy; about 1200 hhds, however, have been disposed of at 6½@7½c for Cuba, 6½@7½c for New Orleans, and 6½@8c for Porto Rico, on time. Some sales of box Sugar are also reported, on terms kept private. Refined Sugars are more inquired for.

TALLOW—The market is quiet, and city rendered steady at 10½c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—Prices are unchanged, with rather more doing to supply the trade; the demand is chiefly for manufactured.

WOOL—The stock is light, and holders generally are firm, but the transactions have been to a limited extent only within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1600 head. The prices ranged from 5 to 10½c ₱ ℔. Sheep—3000 head arrived, and sold at from 5½ to 7c ₱ ℔. gross. Cows—50 head sold at from $25 to 50 ₱ head, as in quality.

At Imhoff's Hog market 1427 head were sold. The selling prices were for "still" fed $7,25 to 8,50, and for corn fed $8,00@9,00 ₱ 100 lbs net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 31.—BREADSTUFFS—Dull—Sales of 4500 bbls. Wheat quiet. Corn firm, 15,000 bus sold at 74c for yellow and 71c for mixed. Pork dull at $17,37½@18,87½ for Mess. Lard heavy. Whiskey dull.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, at Grace Church, by the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., ABRAHAM RITTER, Jr. to REBECCA K. daughter of the late Sheldon Potter.

On the 7th of Feb. 1860, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, EDWARD SPRAKMAN, Esq. to Miss ANNIE FISHER, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. R. S. Harris, Mr. ARTHUR SUTLEY, to Miss BEULAH B. BUDD, both of Medding, N. J.

In New York, on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, of St George's Chapel, WILLIAM E. WELLS, to CHARLOTTE C. WEMYSS, daughter of the late Francis C. Wemyss, all of New York.

On Sunday, the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Noble Frame, Mr. THOMAS B. RAYNER, to Miss SAVRIE STYER, all of Chestnut Hill, Philada.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Newton, Mr. E. GRAHAM ANDREWS, to Miss MARY T. SCHNEIDER, eldest daughter of Col. Wm. B. Schneider, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, at Swedesboro', N. Jersey, MARY W. wife of Asher Bower.

On the 26th ultimo, ANNA PENROSE, wife of Martin H. Williams, and daughter of Thos. A. Penrose, in her 40th year.

On Monday, the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ANNE FRAZIER, relict of the late Nalbro' Frazier, in her 91st year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. MAGGIE A. wife of W. H. Brown, and daughter of Wm. Swetland, Esq. of Luzerne county, in her 24th year.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH CLARK, in her 57th year.

On the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM COBB, Sr. in his 70th year. Cincinnati papers please copy.

On the 25th ultimo, MARGARET BALBY, wife of *Henry Baley, in her 23d year.*

On the 26th ultimo, SUSANNA, wife of J. Bachman, in her 79th year.

On the 25th ultimo, MAURICE BROWN, aged 67 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JOSIAH KEIM, in his 31st year.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIDA LAWSON, in her 23d year.

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4.—

Wit and Humor.

AN OILY LETTER FROM THE OIL SPRINGS.

As the Oil Springs in Trumbull county, Ohio, are exciting a great deal of interest, we prevailed upon our Fat Contributor to go down there last week, in order that we might furnish our readers with an authentic account of the locality. We have received the following unctuous letter:

Dear Editor:—Everything about here is so greasy and oily it is with extreme difficulty that I can write at all. My pen slips out of my fingers; there is an oily scum on the ink; the paper is fairly transparent, and I slosh around in my chair in a deuced unpleasant manner. Patience and perseverence (sweet oil is unnecessary here) will, however, overcome many obstacles.

An Oily Track.—I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oily train, and might as well have come on *train oil*, as we were 16 hours behind time. All trains are behind time here, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track at this end of the road. The oil fries out of the ground and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We shouldn't arrive here at all if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with cigar ashes.

I slipped out of bed (nobody "arises" here; we all *slip* into bed and *slip* out,) at an early hour this morning, and began investigations. I found a section embracing fourteen thousand acres of land, chuck full of oil springs.

How the Women Fry Dough Nuts.—Drilling is unnecessary here, as the oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I am told, it is no unusual thing to see the women frying doughnuts in these jets of oil. The balls of dough are dropped into the jets, where they are allowed to toss about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun.

Slippery Elm.—The only species of tree which abounds here is the *slippery* elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without dipping his paws in Spalding's Prepared Glue, a small bottle of which he always carries suspended about his neck. There are a few maple trees here, but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped.

A River of Oil.—There is one considerable sized creek running through Trumbull county, which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in bathing and when they came out were so greasy they couldn't stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on they would slip off again, and one of the lads, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out, and extracted about *fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys!* Fact. A company are erecting a large candle factory on the banks of this river, preparing to dip candles in it.

Amusements.—The principal amusements here are climbing greased poles and catching oiled pigs, the necessary appliances being constantly on hand. Sliding down hill is popular among all classes during the summer months. This is effected without sleds, on a hill of solid tallow, just back of the tavern. As I write, laughter rich and gushing is wafted to my window from a number of the beauties of "Flowers' Corners," as they sweetly *dissolve* down the sides of that melting slope.

Greased Lightning.—There was a thunder storm this afternoon, and as the electric fluid ran down one of those slippery elms I told you of, I was treated to my first view of "greased lightning." It is quite common here, they say. Thunder is divested of all its harsh intonations by the minute particles of oil which fill the air and grease the wheels of Jove's noisy chariot.

If any of your readers think I have "cut it fat" in this letter, let them visit the Oil Springs and see for themselves.

Yours truly, Fat Contributor.

—*Sandusky Register.*

A GREAT COUNTRY, INDADE!

The following letter is given as a sample of some sent home to Europe by our immigrant population:—

My Dear Fellow Gudgeons:—Having promised to write you all the facts in relation to America, I hasten to redeem my pledge.

I think that this is the greatest country on the face of the earth. Compared with it, all others are mere mud-puddles.

New York—where I am at present—is a vast city, exceeding in splendor any city of ancient or modern times. Its streets are paved with solid gold and lined with crystal palaces; while at intervals gigantic trees raise their green glories heavenward—for, although it is now the dead of winter, vegetation is in full bloom, and the clear air is darkened with millions of singing birds. Speaking of birds reminds me of a large, dark fowl which is found here, called the crow. A friend of mine yesterday shot one, and served it up for my especial benefit at dinner—his family generously refusing to be helped to the least portion; so, for etiquette's sake, I was forced to eat the crow—which, I must confess, tasted deliciously. To-morrow he has promised to have for me a dressed skunk with lobelia sauce.

America is the Poor Man's Paradise. Any person coming here, on his arrival is immediately taken in charge by a select Committee, appointed for the purpose, and placed in a good situation—so no one is ever out of employment, and all may acquire a fortune in a short time; in support of which statement, I append the following:

Wages of a good mason, $25 per day.
Wages of a footman, $25 per day.
Wages of a servant girl, $25 per day.

PROVISIONS.

Beefsteak—free.
Poultry—free.
Potatoes—free.
Etc., etc.—free.

Here a laboring man is considered just as good as the millionaire, and the servant girl enjoys the same privileges as her mistress. It is truly the land of equal rights. Stealing, drunkenness, lying and murder are unknown, while men holding office are noted for their rigid honesty, and serve with a singleness of eye to the public good.

I have often expressed my astonishment at the abundance of money here. Dropping from plethoric pockets in showers, beggars some days harvest fabulous sums; and an old rag-picker gathered in one year some $10,000 from a single sewer. Vessels arrive daily from California, bringing unheard-of quantities of gold; and in getting it ashore so much is spilled that the laborers wade knee-deep through the dust (which is given to any one who will cart it away.)

I have met with the greatest kindness here, and I think seriously of making New York my permanent abode. Now, in conclusion, my dear countrymen, having given you a plain and truthful statement, let me advise you all to pack up your duds and dhudeens and come to this blessed country.

Your anxious countryman,
O. Mon.

TURNING THE TABLES.

At one of the demi French *reunions*, not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a *monsieur* entered, very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, or fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman; but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome face;" and the stranger justified the proverb. Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit; then, taking a more familiar tone he said, "*It* has been very happy to accept your invitation, madame; an honor of which *it* is quite unworthy." This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near. The lady, who though a very *distinguee* person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and thinking she had misunderstood him, replied. "Excuse me, *sir*, you were saying—?" "I said, madame, that *it* was very grateful for the invitation to your *soiree*." The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out of countenance. "I do not understand you," she said at length; "of what are you speaking?" The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed in reply to the prominent feature in his face. "What! do you know?" "Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed the lady; and blushing from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her handkerchief a face half laughing and half embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the house of her sister, where he made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her return, recollecting her own *soiree* of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister: "I have taken a liking to the big nose. Give it an invitation for me." Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his side.

Keeping a Secret.—The Newport (R. I.) Mercury relates a story of Stuart, the painter, which illustrates finely the power which a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring, very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came some time afterwards to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand; "I know the art, and that is—"

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," continued Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made; "and that is—"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, you tell your friend, and that will be—" making a third mark.

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stuart, "it's one hundred and eleven!" (111.)

Thrift and Health.—By returns made to the Registrar-General in France, it appears that persons who are "well to do" live, on an average, eleven years longer than those who are dependent on their daily labor. One reason for this is, the health-giving influence of composure of mind; another, that forehandness removes the necessity for hard exposures. The same important truth is shown by the fact that the average of life of those who belong to the Society of Friends, in England, is some fifteen years greater than of others in the same sphere of life, the Friends being, the world over, models of thrift and quiet composure.

As judicious economy promotes thrift, we propose it to our readers as a good medicine—a medicine safe and efficient, applicable to all climes, countries, and classes. It is "hard to take" to some, but steady persistence in its practice soon makes it a habit, when it is rather easier to be economical than to be extravagant.

Extravagance, waste, and carelessness not only ruin those who practice them, but have a demoralizing effect on those who may be benefited thereby in a material point of view. Persons seldom thrive whose occupations or modes of obtaining a living depend on chance, are in a great measure fortuitous or uncertain—such as gamblers, stock brokers, robbers, wreckers, hunters, miners, office-holders, and speculators in general. Hence those parents are wisest who bring up their children to the expectation of making a living or of becoming rich by some occupation which brings with it gains which are moderate, uniform, and steady. As a general rule to young men, the first political or salaried office, the first bet won, the first successful speculation, is at the same time the first step towards material unthrift, towards moral degradation, and towards a premature grave.—*Journal of Health.*

"THE PURSUIT OF AUTHORSHIP IS SOMETIMES SURROUNDED WITH DIFFICULTIES!"

—*Wiggles on Authorship.*

Position in Sleeping.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a heavy meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouse us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we awake in a fright or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length or strength of the effort made to escape the danger. Eating a large, or what is called a "hearty meal," before going to bed, should always be avoided; it is the frequent cause of nightmare, and sometimes the cause of sudden death.

Religious Doubts.—I have spent more than thirty years in a close study of the sacred Scriptures, and no small part of my inquiries has had reference to the difficulties which were suggested to my mind by my early skepticism, and to those which, to a mind naturally inclined to unbelief, have been suggested since. I do not mean to say that all those difficulties *have been removed. But I have found that*, on a close examination, not a few of those which at first perplexed me have silently disappeared; that a large part of those which have been since suggested have vanished also; and that, in the meantime, the evidences of the truth of the Bible have, in my apprehension, become stronger and stronger. I come, therefore, in this respect, with the language of encouragement to those who are now just entering on their Christian way, and who find their minds poisoned by skepticism, and their course impeded by difficulties. Time, patience, study, reflection, prayer, suggestions from within and from without, accompanied by the influences of the Divine Spirit, will remove most of those difficulties, and will leave at last only those which belong, not peculiarly to the Bible, but to the mysterious order of things around us; to those which lie wholly beyond the reach of our present powers, and which must be left for solution to an eternal world.—*Albert Barnes' "Life at Three score."*

About Hating.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Heart Force.—A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to the cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a strong heart that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is right full up to the brim with an object, and that man will do the thing, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. Heart is power.—*Spurgeon.*

☞ An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

Agricultural.

PLANT PROTECTORS.

Few articles about a garden are more convenient than these simple affairs, of which an ordinary hand, at all used to the saw and hammer, could make in one wet day probably all that would be required. We have alluded to them before. They are made as follows:—Cut up a three-fourth inch plank, at least a foot wide, into lengths of twelve or fifteen inches. These are the covers or tops, which are to screen your plants from sun and frost. Raise them above the plants you wish to protect, by nailing them at each end to a narrower bit of plank, say six to nine inches in width, and of the same length as the width of the cover. When you fear a frost, put these over the hills of beans, cucumbers, &c. It will protect them perfectly. If you wish to transplant your cabbages, or anything in your flower garden, do not wait for a "season," but do it any day, just at night, in fresh-dug soil, giving the roots a good watering. Cover them daily with the protectors, taking them off at night, that they may be freshened with the dew. After a couple of days it will be sufficient to stand the protector on edge on the south side of the plants to keep off the mid-day sun. In three or four days the roots will be established. Another use for them is, when the weather is so dry that hills of melons, squashes, &c., will not come up. Water the hills with a fine rose watering-pot, and lay the protector over the hills, and the young seedlings will soon make their appearance. When above ground, take off the protector, and let the dew fall upon them at night, and in a day or two dispense with it entirely. They are excellent, also, to put over the patches of newly planted flower seeds, causing them to come up much sooner. Remove them when necessary to admit mild rains, and entirely when the plants appear. Try a few of them, and you will find they are far better than flower-pots, which are generally used for these purposes, excelling in cheapness, convenience, and utility.—*Southern Field.*

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

What we are aiming at is, to show the little reliance to be placed upon that system of manuring which teaches to supply to the roots of the plant as fertilizers, those mineral elements which the chemist has chanced to find in the ashes of the plant. We do not yet know what mineral elements (how many or in what proportion) are to be considered *essential* to the growth and perfection of any one plant.

Agricultural chemists have all along claimed that silica is absolutely necessary to give strength and stiffness to the straw of wheat, oats, rye, etc. Prof. S. W. Johnson, in a lecture at the recent Agricultural Convention at New Haven, unsettled this theory, which has been considered one of the most firmly settled points of agricultural chemistry. Thus, he asked: If an abundance of silica gives the firm texture to the oat stalk, how is it that the leaves and chaff are so soft and pliable, when chemical analyses show that these contain three times as much silica as the firm straw? The answer would seem to be, that the silica has nothing to do with the strength of the straw, but that it is simply due to a close texture, and that the excess of silica found in the leaves and chaff is left there by the larger amount of sap evaporated from those parts. Silica (sand) is abundant in all soils, and is carried up by the sap, freely. A plant may be soaked and washed in a weak solution of potash, and then in one of hydrochloric acid, until all, or nearly all, of its silica and other mineral elements are removed, and it will still retain its form, texture, and strength. How then can we consider these mineral elements essential to its structure or growth?—*American Agriculturist.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Cure for Colic in Horses.—E. H. Ezell, of Houston County, Ga., advises in the "Southern Field," simply to pour cold water on the back of the animal for fifteen or twenty minutes.—Pour the water on from the weathers to the loins, so as to run profusely over sides and stomach. I have seen it tried in fifty instances. It will give almost entire relief in one hour.

New Variegated Leaved Trees.—Foreign journals speak of a new variety of the *maple* styled *Acer negundo variegata*, which has lately been introduced to the market. It is said to resemble the ash-leaved maple of our own plantations, except that the leaves are strikingly variegated. It is reported to be as hardy as any of the maples.

Peas with Spring Rye.—One of my neighbors has always made it a practice to sow peas with spring rye. One gives support to the other, and the rye keeps the peas from lodging, they then being less liable to mildew.—When harvested and threshed they can be easily separated, and thus two crops are secured in one season from one piece of ground, with very little extra labor.—*Country Gentleman.*

Dogs and Bell Sheep.—An Indiana sheep farmer says, that a number of sheep wearing bells, in any flock, will keep away dogs—he would allow ten bell sheep to every hundred, or hundred and fifty. When sheep are alarmed, they run together in a compact body, in which set all the bells are rung at once, which frightens the dog, or makes him think some one is on his track—so he leaves without taking mutton.

Ohio Radish Seed.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, says that radish seed that has been kept six years or more, will produce radishes of a better quality than the new seed.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Long Lactation in Aged Cows.—There is at present on the farm of Mosside, Clatt, Aberdeenshire, in the possession of Mr. William Middleton, a cow in her 24th year, which has had nineteen calves, the last of them being calved in June, 1857. The extraordinary part of the story is that the cow has given milk every day since the birth of her last calf, in 1857, and shows no falling off. Her average quantity is from five to six pints a day.—*London Veterinarian.*

House Plants.—Many of our readers, especially among the ladies, are engaged in the cultivation of plants within doors, and have, doubtless, suffered more or less of vexation of spirit from witnessing the depredations of insects, and will, we doubt not, thank us for a remedy. The London Floricultural Cabinet has found and promulgated a remedy and preventive for the green-fly, mealy-bug, thrip and scale, creatures that invest house and greenhouse plants. The editor has tried it and pronounces it effectual. It is cheap, easily applied, and is as follows:

A wash is made by dissolving half an ounce of bitter aloes in a gallon of water. With this wash, syringe your plants so as to wet them under and over the leaves. If the enemy be there he will be destroyed; if he be not there, he will not come. Whether it be the bitter on the surface, or the smell, or both, we know not; but, so far as it has been tried, infected plants may be put all round one so treated, and there will be no sign of thrips, bugs, or aphides, even if the others be covered. It is the only thing that destroyed the thrip for us; and we believe that, while the bitter remains on the surface, nothing living will touch it. We feel great confidence that even snails and slugs will not meddle with it; and all we can say about its effects on caterpillars is, that they have not as yet attacked a plant so prepared, and that they have committed depredations on plants very close. We do hope that a remedy so simple, so easily tried, and so void of all humbug, will be adopted by everybody who has plants to try it on.

Useful Receipts.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches.—An old New Bedford whaler writes to the American Agriculturist as follows:—"Our whale ships, particularly those that have cruised for three or four years off the coast of Peru, or in other warm climates, when they return to this port, literally swarm with cockroaches. If, however, they remain at home during the winter, not one *live* roach can be found in the spring, notwithstanding there may have been millions on board when the ships arrived. If, by chance, any house in this vicinity becomes infested with these nuisances, so well do our housekeepers understand the efficacy of the freezing process, that they are seldom troubled with them after having a few days of freezing weather. All that is necessary to be done, is to let the fires go out, open the windows, the inner doors, especially those of the closets and lockers, and allow the cold air to have free circulation through the house for a few days. This process is *certain*, provided the temperature of the air is somewhat below the freezing point. If down to zero, or below, so much the better. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that the family occupying the house will find it advisable to leave during the time this process of extermination is going on."

Paper in Spittoons.—A Good Hint.—A subscriber to the Agriculturist gives the following useful suggestion:—Housekeepers know the difficulty of removing clots of phlegm. This may be remedied by cutting a circular piece of paper, and laying it in the bottom of the spittoon whenever it is cleaned out. Any old paper will do, though sized brown or white paper is better, because less likely to tear than common newspaper. Old letters answer well.

Bites and Stings.—Apply instantly, with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of harishorn. The venom of stings being an acid, the alkali nullifies them. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water, and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute—or soda or saleratus—all being alkalies.

To be on the safe side, in case of snake or mad-dog bites, drink brandy, whiskey, rum, or other spirits, as free as water—a teacupful, or a pint or more, according to the aggravation of the circumstances.

Indian Sponge Cake.—One quart of fine-bolted Indian meal, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one quart of sour milk, and a teaspoonful of saleratus.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Indian Meal Short Cake.—Stir into a pint of milk three eggs beaten light, add a little salt, and half a cupful of butter, with enough sifted meal to make a thick batter. Drop it from a large spoon upon buttered tins, and bake to a light brown color, in a quick oven.—*Ibid.*

Potato Pie.—As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a deep pie dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of fine chopped onion, a teacupful of cream and one of milk, and a bit of butter the size of a walnut; cover with a thick crust, made as for a *meat* pie, and bake from one to two hours, according to its thickness. The onion can be left out if preferred.—*Ibid.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 4, 18, 1, 4, 2, 18, 20, is one of the United States.
My 18, 4, 6, 12, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 11, 3, 20, is a volcano in Sicily.
My 8, 13, 4, 16, is a lake in North America.
My 10, 4, 18, 2, 4, is a mount in Africa.
My 9, 23, 13, 3, 17, 23, is an island in Oceanica.
My 6, 12, 16, 1, 10, is a city in England.
My 1, 23, 3, 8, 14, 3, 6, is a bay in Ireland.
My 10, 29, 6, 17, is a cape in North America.
My 20, 3, 10, 23, 18, 10, is an archipelago in Oceanica.
My 2, 4, 25, is an oasis in Africa.
My 14, 8, 3, 23, 9, is a gulf in Europe.
My 2, 24, 20, 22, 4, 2, 18, is a sea in Asia.
My 12, 3, 14, 6, 4, 10, 19, is a channel in Europe.
My 7, 4, 6, 18, 2, is a city in Europe.
My 3, 20, 11, 3, 6, is a country in Africa.
My 34, 26, 27, 31, 32, 3, is an isthmus in America.
My 30, 33, 26, 11, 29, 32, 25, 34, 28, is a tribe of Indians in North America.
My 25, 20, 3, is an island near England.

My whole is the name and residence of a truly great man. STEPHEN.

Philadelphia.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The autumn sun was setting,
And twilight falling round,
When softly o'er hill and vale
Came my third with solemn sound.
Soon the moon was shining brightly
Upon the camp beside the wood;
Some men were sitting on the ground,
While some in my second stood.

A very fair and rosy boy
Was playing beneath a tree;
Without doubt he was my first,
As he was from trouble free.
Far different the highwayman
With my whole within his hand,
He hides amid the shadows,
And bids the traveller "stand."

Warren, Vt. HARP.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My father was a slippery lad,
Though he is dead and gone;
My mother was thousands of years old
Before I was ever born.
I always lived by sucking;
I never ate my bread;
I never was of any account
Until after I was dead.
They threw away my body
And only used my skin;
They beat me and banged me,
And made me very thin.
And when I grew old and crazy
Perhaps it was with pain.
They tore me all to pieces,
And made me new again.

ROSA MOORE.

Virginia House, Madison Co., Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Name Cub pro. Oh! Ride Jane Roi.
Dan Races. I. held.
I. Dan dirt. A. Man Pa
E. Limbo. Chain
Ale Romp Dan N. Weasel
Sin Pa. W. BRADLEY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a clock to have an hour hand, a minute hand and a second hand, all turning on the same centre. At 12 o'clock all the hands are together and point to 12.

1. How long before the second will be between the other two hands, and at equal distances from each?

2. How long before the minute hand will be equally distant between the other two hands?

3. Also, how long before the hour hand will be equally distant between the other two hands?

Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. J.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When is cotton not cotton? Ans.—When it's down.

☞ What shape is a kiss? Ans.—Elliptical (a lip-tickle.)

☞ Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Ans.—Because the sooner it's put out the better.

☞ Why is a fool like a needle? Ans.—He has an eye, but no head.

☞ Why are authors who treat about physiognomy like soldiers? Ans.—Because they write about face.

Cedarville, Illinois.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—George A. Benedict, Cleveland Herald. CHARADE.—Penknife. CHARADE.—Gambler. ANAGRAMS.—Pluto, Pan, Mars, Castor, Diana, Hebe, Pandora, Iris, Juno, Pallas, Cupid, Cybele. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—The sides are 6, 7, and 7½; the surface is 21.

Answer to the MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM in The Post of March 10. Diameter of the bins, respectively, from outside to outside, 12.36543 feet, 18.54815 feet, and 23.09743 feet. Contents in bushels, 469.5882, 1986.2192, and 2100.6312.

Northfork, Mason Co., Ky. M. DURANT.

☞ Some author tells us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in everybody's mouth.

☞ Boys should be very careful how they steer their life-barks if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

☞ A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may call me dog, but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

☞ Don't judge of moral character by the face. The frog is more innocent than many an animal that has a much handsomer physiognomy.